

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 26, 1965

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

OUTSIDE IN SPACE

RUSSIA'S
ALEKSEI LEONOV

VOL. 85 NO. 13
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



THIS BANKER IS 35. HE CAN LEND YOU \$500,000.

Read how hard work and thorough training at First National City Bank have made professional bankers out of bright young men.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK believes good bankers know more—more about banking, more about corporate finance, more about how to use Bank services to help solve customers' problems.

That's why First National City developed a seminar for its men in advanced credit methods, concentrating on loans to fast-rising industries where traditional lending methods don't apply.

That's why First National City Bank has always sent its men into the field to see what's happening in different industries throughout the country.

That's why every Bank officer is kept up to date on the latest Bank services—with the admonition that they are no substitute for his own imagination and resourcefulness.

That's why senior management of the Bank is in daily contact with younger officers, passing on the knowledge that comes from long experience.

And that's why a relatively young First National City banker can lend up to \$500,000 largely on his own authority—because he has been thoroughly and professionally trained.

Has this kind of training paid off for our customers? Ask them, and we think you'll find they agree that men who know more make better bankers.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK

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Hints about choosing your stock broker...4 investment goals to consider today...how much to invest...how to use your broker.

Suppose you're considering investing and find yourself in front of a broker's office, about to go in. You notice a sign on the door or window: "Member New York Stock Exchange."

(There are some 3,000 member firm offices here and abroad, and most carry the sign.)

Here is just an inkling of what is behind the sign—some hints about the broker you may choose. Could these be important to you?

In every member firm, at least one person (sometimes several) is an Exchange member. (There are 1,366 members in all, compared with 24 when the Exchange was started 173 years ago.)

Every member firm, partner, officer and registered representative has had to meet a variety of Exchange requirements, and is subject to Exchange rules.

There are rules regarding the firm's finances, for example—maintaining adequate capital, and receiving a surprise audit by an independent public accountant at least once a year. Plus spot checks by the Exchange's own examiners.

And among the regulations that apply to every registered representative are two that may interest you: he had to meet standards for knowledge of the securities business when he became a member firm broker, and he must devote full time to this business. (There are about 33,000 registered representatives in all member firms, including some 1,800 women.)

Choosing a broker isn't all rules and regulations, of course. It's also important that you feel at ease with him, free to discuss your situation candidly.

A good way to start is to select an investment goal which seems most likely to fit your needs. (1) Ask your registered representative about dividends to supplement your regular income. (2) Or perhaps you're more interested in growth in the value of your stock. (3) Possibly a combination of dividends and growth. (4) Or bonds, which frequently offer greater safety for your money and more stable income from interest.

Of course you want to brighten your financial future. But first things come first—living expenses and a reserve for emergencies. A good rule is to consider investing funds for which you see no need in the near future.

Finally, the broker you choose may

be the best source for facts on which to base your selection of stocks. Ask him about a company's earnings, its dividend record, its announced plans for growth, and for an opinion of its potential. He's not infallible, but perhaps he can add a point of view that has escaped you.

The risks and rewards of investing go hand in hand, of course. That is why it is so important to know that there are both right and wrong ways to go about it.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

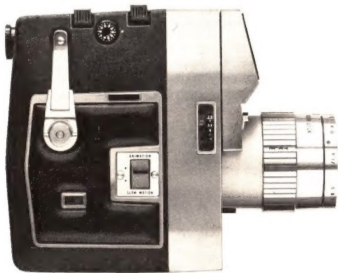
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 5-X, P.O. Box 1070, N.Y., N.Y. 10001. Please send me, free, "INVESTMENT FACTS," listing some 500 stocks that have paid cash dividends every three months for 20 to 100 years.

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When in New York for the World's Fair, visit the Exchange, Broad and Wall Streets, Manhattan. See the nation's market place in action, the colorful Exhibit Hall and Little Theater. 10—3:30 Monday through Friday. Admission free.

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Bell & Howell builds photographic instruments a little better than they really have to be.



(So you'll get pictures a little better than you really thought they'd be.)

We probably look at picture-making differently than most.

Because we think you want something more than a camera. Something more than pictures that are "good enough".

So we don't build just cameras.

We build photographic instruments.

Bell & Howell photographic instruments are extraordinarily precise. They perform without deviation from a rigid set of self-imposed standards. They're virtually incapable of error. They measure light and distance exactly. They control film perfectly, holding it flat in exact focus, corner to corner and edge to edge.

The Bell & Howell 418 movie camera shown here is a good example. The electric eye, which sets your exposure automatically, is *inside* the lens. Precisely where the light strikes the film, so that it responds only to the light that's in your picture. In subtle lighting, the difference can be enormous. In not-so-subtle lighting, it can turn "good enough" movies into movies to be proud of.

You shoot through a precisely-ground 11-element optical instrument with built-in filters. You view directly through the lens. You zoom in and out as smooth as cream, with gentle pressure on a button. You load with a refillable cartridge.

Now, does all this exactitude mean that a Bell & Howell instrument is difficult to use? Not at all. For we think that part and parcel of our products' function is ease of operation. Pistol grips fit your hand neatly. Controls fall easily to your fingers. Viewfinders show exactly how you're zooming.

You might expect a photographic instrument to cost somewhat more. And you'd be right.

But look how much more a photographic instrument can do for you.

Bell & Howell builds photographic instruments a little better than they really have to be.

Bell & Howell Company
Photo Products Group

TIME, MARCH 26, 1965



Costs more per quart



but less per mile.

Know anything about the new motor oils? Well, take LDO® to start with. It costs more. More per quart but less per mile, because it is specifically formulated to last longer than ordinary motor oils—by far. In other words, times have changed when it comes to changing oil. If you are an average driver with an ordinary motor oil in your crankcase, you enter the Danger Zone when you exceed 2000 miles after an oil change. AMERICAN® Super Premium LDO is not an ordinary motor oil. It's the worry-free one.



If you'd rather pay a little less per quart and change oil every two thousand miles (or every 60 days), your best bet is still Super PERMALUBE®—one of the largest selling premium motor oils in America. See your Standard Oil Dealer.



You expect more from Standard and you get it!*

® STANDARD OIL DIVISION AMERICAN OIL COMPANY (SINO), THE AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL. *TRADEMARK

Some of Europe's most European hotels are called Hilton



**In London, have a tankard
of ale with steak & kidney pie
at a famous English tavern.**

At the London Hilton in Park Lane, manager Louis Blouet will have his chef serve you this traditional British dish in his famous London Tavern. Louis also has a superb *international* restaurant overlooking Hyde Park, a roof-top supper club with a 30-mile view . . . and sumptuous guest rooms a few minutes from London's parks, palaces, theatres and tailors.

London Hilton

**In Rotterdam, dine in a
winter garden filled with flowers.**

At the Rotterdam Hilton, manager Willem Sprockreeff's fabulous indoor garden restaurant, *Le Jardin*, is famous for its relaxing atmosphere . . . for its gourmet dishes, too.

His splendid hotel is right at the heart of the city.

The decor and atmosphere are typically Dutch; the comforts typically Hilton.

Rotterdam Hilton



**In Amsterdam,
have a beautiful canal
right on your doorstep.**

At the Amsterdam Hilton, manager Ralph Starke has one of the city's sparkling canals right outside the hotel door. Inside, he has delicious Dutch seafood in the New Amsterdam Grill, French cuisine and dance music in the Diamond Room . . . and charming accommodations near everything the city has to offer.

Amsterdam Hilton



**In Berlin, have a
view of the city like
no other in town.**

At the Berlin Hilton, manager Klaus Winkler likes to be in the thick of things. So a lot of what happens in Berlin happens right there. You'll find cosmopolitan excitement in his Golden City Bar, in his excellent restaurants . . . in his roof-top terrace, too. And you'll be a few steps from the Tiergarten, two blocks from the Kurfuerstendamm.

Berlin Hilton

Go international—with all the comforts of Hilton

For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.



There's a little bug in every Karmann Ghia.

Underneath it all, this fancy hunk of car is still a Volkswagen.

It's got Volkswagen's 4-speed synchromesh transmission. And the Volkswagen's chassis and torsion bar suspension.

The big wheels that rack up 40,000 and more miles on a set of tires are all VW.

And so is the air-cooled engine that

can't boil over in the summer or freeze up in the winter.

32 miles on a gallon of regular and no oil between changes are practically s.o.p. on the Karmann Ghia.

Not to mention the remarkable Volkswagen traction. The inexpensive and easy-to-come-by parts. The low insurance. The

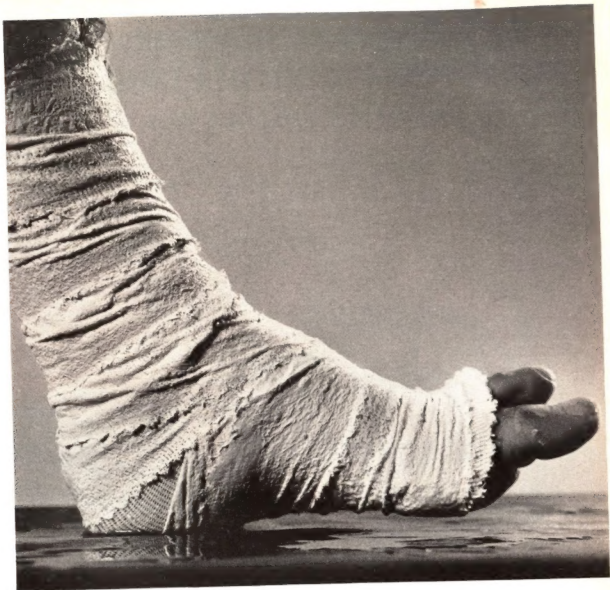
reasonably priced, reliable service.

You can't see the "bug" part of a Karmann Ghia because it's traveling incognito in a sporty, Italian-designed body.

So you can drive a Karmann Ghia and most people won't even know it's got a bug in it.

But you will.





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this compound fracture
should cost the employer
hundreds of dollars less...

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protection in depth, it might
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TIME, MARCH 26, 1965

THE CLIMATE OF BUSINESS...



AIRTEMP CONDITIONING KEEPS MAKING IT BETTER

Since man began his tenure on earth, he has waged war on his many-faceted, often hostile environment. But not until the 20th century was he able to control the very air he breathes.

First to benefit from man-made climate control were the cotton mills in the early 1900's. Air conditioning has come a long way since then. Walter P. Chrysler was an important catalyst. When he built his famous skyscraper in 1931, the packaged air conditioning units he needed just didn't exist. So he created his own air conditioning company to do the job — Airtemp.

Today, air conditioning is a must for modern business. Small retailers depend upon it. It boosts employee morale, decreases absenteeism, increases efficiency and productivity.

Airtemp, the cooling/heating division of Chrysler Corporation, continues to pioneer in the entire sphere of climate control. Airtemp conditioning offers the finest in advanced engineering and equipment for all your climate control needs.

AIRTEMP DIVISION



CHRYSLER
CORPORATION



Unisphere: biggest world in the world

Unisphere is the largest model of the earth ever made and one of the world's most complex structures. It was built and presented to the New York World's Fair by United States Steel. High-speed computers hummed for weeks to solve hundreds of intricate design problems; since the stainless steel Unisphere has no external guy lines, it was like balancing a beach ball on a golf tee in a gale.



highway lifesaver

Some astute New York State highway engineers have worked out a new kind of median barrier to protect you from head-on collisions. The new design absorbs the blow of a careening car, slows it, and redirects it at a shallow, safer angle. The barrier is made practical by a product innovated by United States Steel: structural steel tubing. You'll be seeing it as you drive more safely in the years to come.



steel foil, thin as this page

United States Steel innovated steel foil as thin as paper. Our customers bond it to paperboard or plastics to make extremely strong, water-proof bags and boxes that are much tougher to puncture. The strong steel foil packages can rough it better en route, and they can be stacked higher in the warehouse, saving floor space.

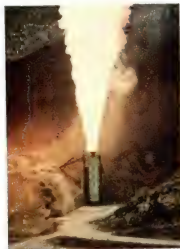


United States Steel: where



the biggest bridge in Europe

At Lisbon, Portugal, the mighty Tagus River has largely isolated the area on its south bank. But now the Tagus is being spanned by the most spectacular bridge in Europe. It is the longest bridge on the continent, and one of the piers is the deepest in the world. The prime construction contract, awarded to United States Steel International (New York), Inc., is one of the largest ever let. By using stronger, weight-saving steels, innovated by United States Steel, Portugal made considerable savings in the cost of the bridge.



new steel for biggest solid fuel rocket

Here's the test firing of one of the most powerful solid fuel rocket motors ever built. U. S. Steel is the leading producer of the super-tough steel used for the rocket's outer case. It's called USS Maraging Steel, 8 to 10 times stronger than carbon steel. Plates only $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch thick contained the fury of the firing without bursting. These thinner motor cases save much weight, allow a heavier payload to be put into space.



a steel that "paints" itself

Look closely. The exterior of that building is bare, unpainted steel. United States Steel innovated this special steel, USS Cor-TEN. As it weathers, it "paints" itself with a rich, russet coating. It lasts practically forever without any maintenance.

For more information about the innovations described here, write "Innovations," United States Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15230. *USS and COR-TEN are registered trademarks.*

the big idea is innovation



"Tis now the very witching time of night,
when churchyards yawn,
and hell itself breathes out contagion to this world..."

Visit Hamlet's castle at Elsinore, Denmark at night, and you can almost see him moodily ranging the battlements, talking of ghosts and murder.

If the castle of the melancholy Dane is a little too eerie for your tastes, remember Elsinore is less than an hour from Copenhagen. Copenhagen is as modern and gay as Elsinore is ancient and brooding. As you get to know the people of Copenhagen, you'll swear that Hamlet must have been the only Dane who was ever melancholy.

SAS flies to Copenhagen (and Stockholm, Oslo, Helsinki and Bergen) from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Anchorage and Montreal. A total of 18 jet flights a week now through spring . . . 34 a week beginning June 1. And, in case you want to travel on (although hardly anyone ever leaves Copenhagen willingly), SAS serves more cities within Europe than any other transatlantic airline. For more information contact your travel agent or write: Scandinavian Airlines System, Dept. SX, 138-02 Queens Boulevard, Jamaica, New York 11435.

SAS

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

Quinn, Twibird & Co., Inc., provides information regarding "Sanforized" only on fabric which meets its shrinkage requirements under its regular inspection. Such fabric without exception fits 15% of independent's standard regulations of the Company's trademark "Sanforized" label on fabric which part in regular testing and inspection for shrinkage, colorfastness, pilling, color change, fading, color retention, and tear strength, according to the "Sanforized" shrinkage requirements.



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It may say "Save your money."

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You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".

Get them.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 24

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).* Guests are Jason Robards and Lauren Bacall.

Thursday, March 25

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis portray members of a jury who make a dishonest decision.

Friday, March 26

THE GREAT ADVENTURE (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Joan Hickett stars as a nun-schoolteacher in the Wild West of Billy the Kid. Repeat.

FDR (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Hitler and Mussolini threaten the world, Franco marches on Madrid.

Saturday, March 27

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). Glenn Ford plays a righteous young defense lawyer in *Trials* (1955).

Sunday, March 28

DIRECTIONS '65 (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). New York Times Science Editor Walter Sullivan and Doctor of Divinity Donald Barnhouse discuss the possibilities of life in outer space.

ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR (CBS, 5:30-6 p.m.). First of a two-part look back on the 30-year history of *The Original Amateur Hour*, featuring the first on-air performances of Frank Sinatra and Robert Merrill.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Tom Bosley stars as Nebraska Senator George Norris, who was vilified by the press for his opposition to President Wilson's 1917 armed-ships bill.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Sidney Poitier, Dianah Carroll and Louis Armstrong star as five expatriates in *Paris Blues* (1961).

Monday, March 29

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Fiddie Albert guests as Brother Love, a master fiend using a religious cult as a front for his plot to conquer the world.

THE JONATHAN WINTERS SHOW (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Comedy special, with Guests Julie Newmar and Buster Keaton. Color.

CASALS AT 88 (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Re-broadcast of a memorable visit with the great cellist.

NIGHTLIFE (ABC, 11:15 p.m.-1 a.m.). Jack Carter takes over as host.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE ODD COUPLE, by Neil Simon. Walter Matthau and Art Carney, two middle-aged newly de-weds, share living quarters and watch their friendship go on the rocks for precisely the same reasons that their marriages did. The play, on the other hand, is convulsively successful, thanks largely to deft construction by Playwright Simon (*Barefoot in the Park*) and deft direction by Mike Nichols.

* All times E.S.T.

ALL IN GOOD TIME. Bill Naughton has written a sharp-eyed comedy about a pair of newlyweds with an intimate marital problem and problem parents to boot. Naughton has some funny things to say, and Donald Wolfelt and Marjorie Rhodes say them with polished expertise.

TINY ALICE, the dark lady of Edward Albee's allegory, has baffled critic and playgoer alike; only in the impeccable performances of the cast headed by Irene Worth and John Gielgud, pseudo-metaphysics take on theatrical vitality.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. In a healthy, vulgar slugfest between sex and the spirit, Diana Sande's screeching prostitute discovers she has a mind, and Alan Alda's dusty bookstore clerk admits he has a body. They almost lose each other trying to reconcile the difference.

LUV. Three characters on a suspension bridge, suffering gurglingly from every known brand of self-pity. Theater of the absurd? Certainly, but the flawless comic acting talents of Anne Jackson, Alan Arkin and Eli Wallach make it hilarious.

Off Broadway

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. Arthur Miller has expanded his famed 1955 one-act about a longshoreman's fatal and incestuous jealousy into a powerful drama that approximates, even though it falls short of, the catharsis of Greek tragedy.

THE BOOM and A SLIGHT ACHE. Harold Pinter can be relied on to produce unnerving, dramatic and provocative comedies of terror, and he does it again in these two engrossing one-acts.

RECORDS

Orchestral

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: SCHEHERAZADE (London). The music is properly aglow with Oriental romance, as one would expect from Leopold Stokowski and the London Symphony, but the new lies in the sound. Stokowski is making his debut in Phase-4 Stereo, a recording technique involving, among other abracadabras, 20 mikes and a 20-channel mixer. The effects are sensuous, sonically exhilarating and unnatural. The listener feels as if he were floating almost as close to the solo violin as the bow itself, while Phase 5, the last stage of the mixing, goes on between his ears.

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY Nos. 1 and 2 (Epic). Finding at the beginning, George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra have now recorded all nine Beethoven symphonies. Although he amply unfolds the later, more dramatic works, Szell perfectly displays his strongest virtues—exquisite clarity, purity, precision and bright buoyancy—in these early symphonies, still primarily classical in design.

MAHLER: SYMPHONY No. 9 (Angel; 2 LPs). Mahler's orchestral masterpiece, his last completed symphony, is played in the grand manner by the Berlin Philharmonic. Sir John Barbirolli conducting. The first movement, as full as Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, is long of fluctuating rhythms that move along with a tide-like pull. Barbirolli lets them ebb and flow, then swings vigorously into the discordant dance movement and the coarse burlesque *Rondo* that mock the first floating dreams.

BRUCKNER: SYMPHONY No. 8 (Deutsche Grammophon; 2 LPs). Like Mahler's

Ninth, Bruckner's *Eighth* lasts nearly 80 minutes; but it is a ripe and rather naive product of the 19th century, whereas the Mahler is an intense breakout into the 20th. The Berlin Philharmonic, its brasses shining, is led by Eugen Joachim, a Bruckner devotee who conducts with warm involvement.

ROUSSEL: THE SPIDER'S FEAST (Angel). For this ballet pantomime, inspired by the observations of French Entomologist Jean Henri Fabre, Roussel's impressionistic music transports the ants and the beetles into an enchanted cobwebbed garden. André Cluytens and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra touch other milestones of the composer's career by playing his later ballet music, *Bacchus et Ariane*, and the *Sinfonietta for Strings*, a miniature symphony in his mature classical style.

CHARLES IVES: NEW ENGLAND HOLIDAYS (Composers' Recordings, Inc.). Ives, who wove homespun materials into a startling modern fabric, is widely regarded as the prickly father of contemporary American composition. His four orchestral holiday pieces (1904-1913) are now assembled permanently for the first time in a quasi symphony; though—musical economics being what they are—all were recorded by foreign orchestras. Thus the Imperial Philharmonic Orchestra of Tokyo plays for the barn dance in *Washington's Birthday*, the Finnish Radio Symphony celebrates *Decoration Day*, Sweden's Göteborg Symphony the *Fourth of July*, the Iceland Symphony *Thanksgiving*. They manage fairly well, guided in each case by Ives's roving ambassador, Conductor William Strickland.

CINEMA

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID. Director Luis Buñuel (*Viridiana*) mitigates the imperfections of his corrosive satire with some artistry—and with Jeanne Moreau, who is cast as the Parisian servant girl in a rural landscape teeming with sadism, feishism, frigidity, rape and murder.

HUSH... HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE. Four durable movie genres (Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Agnes Moorehead, Mary Astor) turn a lushly photographed thriller into frightful fun, though the horrors provided by Producer-Director Robert Aldrich (*What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*) are mostly formula.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC. Julie Andrews winningly upstages the Tyrolean Alps and surmounts heaps of sugary sentiment in this Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein operetta about the Trapp Family Singers who fled Nazi-dominated Austria in 1938.

RED DESERT. A wasteland created by heavy industry pollutes the psyche of a young wife (Monica Vitti) in Director Michelangelo Antonioni's first color film—a rich, beautiful, often painterly flow of images to vary his now-familiar themes (*L'Avventura*, *La Notte*).

HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE. Jack Lemmon wakes up married to a girl in a million (Italy's Virna Lisi) and tries to choose between heartache and homicide while his woman-hating manservant (Terry-Thomas) offers hilarious household hints.

NOTHING BUT A MAN. With impressive insight and objectivity, this drama gets under the skin of a confused young Negro (Ivan Dixon) who tries to run away from his life, his wife (Abbey Lincoln) and his color.

MARRIAGE-ITALIAN STYLE. Tears, belly laughs and earthy morality are shrewd-



Leaving on business?

Fly off with your wife and make it a vacation, too. Take a year to pay.

Charge her plane ticket on your American Express Credit Card. Fly American, Braniff, Continental, Delta, Icelandic, Northeast, Northwest Orient, Pan Am, United, Western.

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1. Extended payments. Take three, six, nine, 12 months to pay on 27 airlines, including those above. The service charge is substantially lower than similar plans.

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Get unquestioned credit for almost anything money can buy. Your American Express Credit Card is

honored at 120,000 establishments in the U. S. and around the world, including *all* major car rental agencies, hotels, motels, restaurants and shops.

If you don't have a card, write today for an application: American Express, Dept. T-7, Box 37, New York, N. Y. 10008.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

The Company For People Who Travel

Radio, one of the good things about America, excites

WABC excites New York

New York's biggest election drew an astounding 15 million hand signed votes! What was it for? WABC's "Principal of the Year" Awards as determined by listener votes. The two victorious and astonished principals and entourage dean can attest to WABC's exciting drawing power.

WXYZ excites Detroit

A WXYZ editorial criticizing the stubborn and delaying opposition of suburban communities to a proposed major Detroit freeway set off fiery reactions. Although the heated controversy continued, WXYZ's editorial did get the opposing parties together toward resolving their differences over the freeway's route. Not one to skirt hot issues, WXYZ gets involved because it knows this is how to excite Detroiters.

KQV excites Pittsburgh

In three days a record-breaking 36,500 persons jammed Pittsburgh's Civic Arena to attend the nation's first Career Exposition. Conceived by KQV to acquaint the community with career and job training opportunities, 112 exhibitors participated including colleges, universities, industrial firms, trade and professional associations and government agencies. KQV knows what it takes to excite Pittsburgh.

WLS excites Chicago

The Chicago Post Office estimates that WLS sends more than 90,000 pieces of mail a week in one of the city's most exciting audience games in years. What generated this kind of response? WLS, the station that believes fun is one of the important ingredients in radio listening. Exciting? The overwhelming response of housewives, commuters, and students to the station's audience participation ~~shows that~~ ~~shows that~~ Chicago listeners thought so.

KGO excites San Francisco

What could a radio station in San Francisco do for an endangered CORE worker in Bogalusa, Louisiana? That is what the youth's mother asked KGO News when she learned her son was trapped inside a restaurant by racial terrorists. KGO bulletined the boy's plight and within minutes phone calls from San Francisco listeners poured into FBI offices in New Orleans. Help was sent before ~~any serious trouble~~ ~~occurred~~ ~~occurred~~. (Prosocial entertainment? Yes. But KGO knows nothing happens until somebody gets excited.

KABC excites Los Angeles

Over 700 taxpayers wrote angry letters on a tax plan. What aroused them? A series of KABC editorials endorsing the County Tax Assessor's proposal for a 2% property tax limit. As a result of these editorials and taxpayer reaction the Board of Supervisors moved to back the proposal in principle. When KABC sees the best interests of the community are at stake, it gets excited. And that excitement gets across to its listeners.

ABC Radio Stations
six of the best
things about Radio

Who's boss...you or your feet?



PORTRAIT BY GIERICH

If your feet have been complaining about long hours and tiresome working conditions — take steps! The Four Exclusive Features of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes put a comfortable stop to all such complaints. You're the Boss — from nine to five and as late as you like.



For the same Wright Arch Preserver comfort, 36-hole variety, ask your Pro about

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E T WRIGHT & CO., INC. ROCKLAND, MASS.

ly blended by Director Vittorio De Sica, turning to his theme to the 20-year sex battle between a Neapolitan pastryman (Marcello Mastroianni) and a triumphant tart (Sophia Loren).

BOOKS

Best Reading

SOUL OF WOOD, by Jakov Lind. The author, whose Austrian Jewish parents were killed by the Nazis, picks relentlessly at the fabric of guilt and complicity that made all humanity an accessory to Germany's crimes. Lind has a mocking, graceful wit that is both casual and lethal.

LINCOLN'S SCAPEGOAT GENERAL, by Richard S. West Jr. Benjamin Butler—"The Beast"—was one of the Civil War's toughest Northern generals. A famed criminal lawyer in private life, he earned Southerners' undying hatred as the harsh but generally fair governor of occupied New Orleans, later became an impassioned champion of liberal causes during the Reconstruction. Historian West succeeds admirably in separating an unusual man from the usually accepted Beast.

THE GOLD OF THE RIVER SEA, by Charlton Ogburn. Author Ogburn (*The Marauders*) fills a rousing, rambling novel with high adventure and lusty characters, but is himself possessed—and possesses his readers—by the grandeur and savagery of the Amazon, "The Inland Sea."

PRETTY TALES FOR TIRED PEOPLE, by Martha Gellhorn. In three long short stories set in the weary world of Continental society, people manipulate friends as well as cards to shake their boredom. In both games, there is always a loser, but in worldly collapse each of Gellhorn's failures finds the clue to moral regeneration.

THE ORDWAYS, by William Humphrey. With rich, wry Southern recall, Novelist Humphrey (*Home from the Hill*) retraces a family's oddball odyssey from post-Civil War Tennessee to East Texas and down to the Mexican border, marking every mile with fond and funny bouquets.

HAKLUIT'S VOYAGES, edited by Irwin Blacker. Highlights of the compendium of diaries, letters and essays that served as a contemporary Baedeker to far-off worlds and survives as the most authentic record of Elizabethan England's rise from sea-girl obscurity to world power.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Herzog*, Heller (1 last week)
2. *Funeral in Berlin*, Dighton (2)
3. *Hurry Sundown*, Gilden (3)
4. *The Man, Wallace* (5)
5. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (6)
6. *Hotel*, Hailey (4)
7. *The Legend of the Seventh Virgin*, Holt (8)
8. *The Rector of Justin*, Auchincloss
9. *This Rough Magic*, Stewart
10. *The Ordways*, Humphrey (10)

NONFICTION

1. *Markings*, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. *Queen Victoria*, Longford (3)
3. *The Italians*, Bazin (5)
4. *The Founding Father*, Whalen (2)
5. *Reminiscences*, MacArthur (4)
6. *My Shadow Ran Fast*, Sands (6)
7. *Sixpence in Her Shoe*, McGinley (8)
8. *How To Be a Jewish Mother*, Greensburg (10)
9. *Life with Picasso*, Giot and Lake (7)
10. *Stagestruck*, Zolotow (9)



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Off your feed, huh?

I was thinking about what happened to Fred in Accounting.



He's ok now. You could never tell he was laid up close to three months.

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LETTERS

The Significance of Selma

Sir: Your cover story on Martin Luther King [March 19] certainly was the most stirring article on civil rights that I have ever read.

RALPH B. ROVEGNO

Lewistown, Pa.

Sir: Your description of Col. Lingo's storm troopers' clubbing down defenseless citizens was a vivid picture of Selma's horror. But there are other smaller details that are just as significant. On March 9, more than 50 white Alabamians participated in the march led by Dr. King. One of four white women looking on was heard to remark: "Just what do they want?" An elderly Negro woman standing near by answered, "We just wants to be treated like people." With that, a state trooper who had been standing facing the marchers said, "For the first time I'm beginning to see what this is all about." As the marchers turned around and headed back, we broke out singing *We Shall Overcome*. As we marched along, I saw and heard a state trooper join in singing with us—reverently, as if he were in church. Is this the beginning of an answer to Jim Clark's "Never?"

JAMES S. ACKERMAN

Fiscalaosa, Ala.

Sir: If the sadists of Selma can murder so flagrantly, even with the eyes of the world on them, we may well imagine what it has been like for the Negro when the eyes of the world weren't on Selma! God help them!

CHRISTINA M. LYON

Honolulu

Sir: The Negroes' leader, King, is the only one that can help them to join us rather than try to overcome us. I beseech Governor Wallace, in the name of democracy, to listen to him.

LINDA BARTS

Montgomery, Ala.

Sir: One could not help noticing the many Negroes among the marines arriving in Viet Nam. Same old story—good enough to fight but not good enough to vote. Shameful!

MRS. RICHARD JACKSON

Rochester

Sir: You stated that your selection of King as Man of the Year brought you 2,500 letters. Chances are that you will receive more than that from Alabama alone about the March 19th issue—all critical. If they didn't have at least that many ignorant people down there, they would kick Wallace off his throne within 24 hours. Some idiot may assassinate Dr. King because of this fight is over, but that will detract from his accomplishments. They nothing from his accomplishments. They shot Gandhi, Lincoln and Kennedy, but monuments are erected to their memories. They had clubs and bullwhips in Christ's day but they didn't have red-necks and Ku Klux Klansmen walking along dropping tear-gas grenades beside the helpless victims. I have seen numerous dead and wounded on the battlefield, but I have never seen enemy wounded subjected to such barbarity.

DOUGLAS C. FORD

Honolulu

Sir: Without exception, every American adult should have the vote. Then perhaps we can herd more illiterates to the polls

and fill our halls of Congress with Adam Clayton Powell!

(MRS.) DOROTHY JOHNSON
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir: The problem arising out of Selma is a product not of the so-called denial of constitutional rights but of vote-greedy politicians, a warped, sensation-seeking press, and the immoral desire to pillory the South of certain groups of so-called reformers and overt agitators.

LARRY HAMMON

Dallas

Sir: Because of distorted news reporting, the average Northerner's real knowledge of the South could be compared with that of an Ethiopian who still believes the Indians are uprising in our western states.

PAUL J. BENNETT

Atlanta

Sir: The majority of white Americans are sick and tired of seeing mobs of troublemakers, malcontents and beatniks parade the streets. Irresponsible students tout for kicks, some interracial sex and "inholy discontent," slick politicians, and a few left-wing labor leaders are hardly representative of the public. Priests, nuns, ministers and rabbis have no right to run down South to turn a horrible mockery of law and order into a religious crusade.

ROBERT P. FITZGERALD

Havertown, Pa.

Sir: For conspiring to destroy law and order and fomenting the racial strife that caused the death of his fellow preacher, James Reeb, King should now be indicted for murder.

ERNEST L. MC AUGHLIN

Union, S.C.

Sir: Re Reeb's death: I decry the eulogizing of any man, ordained or not, who has been killed while advancing the cause of mob rule in defiance of the law.

C. E. JAMISON

Glendora, Calif.

Sir: Whether Reeb's goals were right or wrong, it is still an American's right to travel where he wants, to speak what he believes, and to fight for what he feels is right, whether or not he happens to be a resident of the state where he travels. For, above all, we are Americans first and state citizens second, and should never be labeled "outsiders" in this country.

JOHN C. STEWART

Frostburg, Md.

Shahn's King

Sir: My compliments on your choice of cover artist and his representation of Dr. Martin Luther King. Ben Shahn has demonstrated both in his art and in his writings an unmistakably vivid social consciousness, so necessary in our time.

W. GRAY SMITH JR.

New Orleans

Sir: The swollen face, the wide-open mouth and the worried eyes of Martin Luther King on your cover were magnificent. Here is exemplified a man swollen with dissatisfaction—a dissatisfaction that can easily mean the difference between leaders and men of average performance. And the most marvelous thing about this man, Dr. King, is that his action is expressed through love.

THEODORE R. DEBRO JR.

Atlanta

Sir: Your cartoon depicts a crowd hanger and a fanatic, and shows nothing of the Christian sensibilities and calm self-restraint that have made him a Nobel Peace Prize winner and an effective leader.

M. D. BRUI

Hamilton, Ohio

Sir: When "we have overcome," then there will be time enough for comedy and caricatures.

FLORENCE E. COLEMAN

New York City

Sir: Artist Ben Shahn has depicted King as I see him—just plain evil.

ANNIE STEWART

Chicago

Sir: He looks like a black Mao Tse-tung having his tonsils checked.

MAXINE GOLDEN

Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Sir: I thought that that was the most horrible cover you have ever had—until I read the story. Now I think that it is the most powerful cover you have ever done. What a magnificent job!

ARTHUR GLOWKA

Scarsdale, N.Y.

New Hope in Peru

Sir: The magnitude of your achievements in the Peru cover story [March 12] certainly matches the prestige of the magazine. I know of no better way to serve the cause of democracy in Latin America than to reveal the truth about those countries that, like Peru, are struggling for a positive social and economic transformation.

VICTOR ALBUITES

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Sir: Having spent twelve years in Peru, we found your report accurate. But your statement that Communists are few and out of date in Peru was naive. Those people pictured in the slum-area photo outside of Lima will listen to any voice if it can help to give them even three meals a day. U.S. aid of \$86.8 million may be some sort of record for Peru, but this is peanuts compared to the approximate \$625 million given to Viet Nam last year. If we invest our money closer to home, we perhaps can avoid another Cuba.

GEORGE COLING

Sarasota, Fla.

Sir: The 30-odd Indian tribes in Peru, all with individual spoken languages, have one thing in common: none have even an alphabet, to say nothing of a written language. Many North Americans will be proud to know that a group of about 250 of their fellow citizens in the self-supporting Instituto Lingüístico de Verano (Summer Institute of Linguistics) are daily making substantial contributions to this area of social progress in Peru [Sept. 27, 1963]. The assignment finds its final reward in the relatively easy job of teaching the Indian his own language in writing.

MILTON C. CARLSON

Northfield, Ill.

Scugnizzo & Friends

Sir: Regarding "The Gold of Naples" [March 12], the U.S. Government wouldn't have lost a nickel to native thieves had it not been for the enthusiastic complicity of the American G.I. Most of us, it is true, did not participate; but we all knew about it. Perhaps one of the most unattractive features of the thievery was not that our supplies were stolen, but that they were never freely given. There was always a *quid pro quo*: perhaps money, perhaps sex.

ROBERT D. KEMPFER

New York City

Sir: The Casa dello Scugnizzo is a unique home for these boys, and was set up by a Neapolitan priest, Don Mario Borrelli, who has been battling this problem almost singlehanded for the past 15 years. A *scugnizzo* is not merely a piece of colorful folklore: he is a half-starved, lonely little human being—unwanted, uncared for, unloved. His only home is the street. He sleeps on the hard pavement at night. If he begs and steals, he does so because it is his only means of staying alive. Since 1950, Mario Borrelli has given a home, a taste of family life and an education to more than 1,000 of these boys.

MRS. M. D. HECKSCHER

Utrecht

Affluent Comrades

Sir: The reviewer of my film *Nine Days of a Year* [Jan. 15] says that the characters in Soviet films "are frankly bourgeois." Does he see bourgeois signs in the fact that the characters are well-dressed, go to restaurants, drive cars, freely express their opinions, live in modern apartments, and complain about "administrative fools"? This is a curious kind of logic! It reminds me of a capitalist who came to Moscow from his Eastern country, unfortunately a backward country. "You call this socialism?" said the man. "In my country we have real socialism, for three-fourths of our population go barefoot and in rags! Poverty and starvation were never a sign of socialism—either in the works of Marx or in the works of Lenin."

MIKHAIL ROMM

Moscow

Monster Mix-Up

Sir: In your issue of March 12 you reproduced a large bronze sculpture of a mine, most handsomely in color, over the caption *Evolution of the Minotaur*. However, in evolving the bull-headed monster from Greek legend, I did not conceive him to have changed his sex. The work you reproduced is another, entirely different, and female figure, called *Oracle*.

MICHAEL AYLTON
Essex, England



For the real male minotaur, see above.

No Riders

Sir: In your issue of March 5 you erroneously state: "Only one U.S. railroad is state-owned: the 115-mile Rutland Railway, which Vermont bought last year to prevent it from dropping its passenger business." Since 1953 no passenger service—only freight—has been performed on this line (other than an occasional excursion).

L. G. BUCKLIN

Executive Vice President

Rutland Railway Corp.
Rutland, Vt.

Dixie Moderates

Sir: Jonathan Daniels of the Raleigh News and Observer deserves to be in any list of Southern editors who have "preached moderation for many years" [March 19]. Nor should the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot—a Pulitzer winner for guiding school desegregation—be overlooked.

ROY PARKER JR.

Washington Correspondent

Raleigh News and Observer

Washington

Art & Art

Sir: Cor blimey, yer carn't yo Americans use English proper when yer wants ter be colloquial? Yer don't half muck us up. It took me rahnd abahst five minutes to find out what yer mean wiv "Things did not go half badly" in "Down the Middle" [March 19]. Ever yo says "Things did not half go badly" (viz: They did go badly) or, as in American English "Things didn't go too badly." Honest, I fink yo'll find I'm right, 'cos I'm one of them British secretaries in New York wot is supposed to know the ones.

ELIZABETH LANGDON

Flushing, N.Y.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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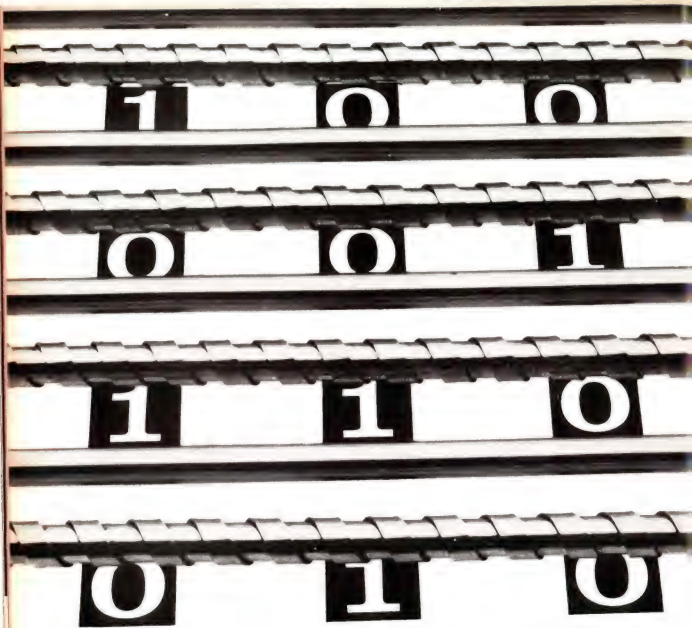
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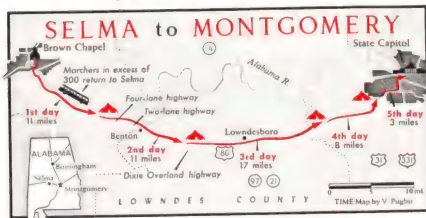
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 26, 1965 Vol. 85, No. 13

THE NATION



CIVIL RIGHTS

Electric Charges

The plan as proposed reaches to the outer limits of what is constitutionally allowed. However, the wrongs and injustices inflicted upon these plaintiffs have clearly exceeded—and continue to exceed—the outer limits of what is constitutionally permissible. The extent of the right to assemble, demonstrate and march should be commensurate with the enormity of the wrongs that are being protected and petitioned against. In this case, the wrongs are enormous.

Those words, written by Federal District Judge Frank M. Johnson Jr., galvanized civil rights forces last week into a display that may well become one of the most spectacular events of the Negro revolution. It is this week's 50-mile march from Selma, Ala., to Montgomery to dramatize the Negro demands for voting rights, protected by a force of 1,863 Alabama National Guardsmen, 100 FBI men, 100 federal marshals, and 1,000 U.S. Army troops.

Bombast & Scorn. The whole idea was enough to drive Governor George Wallace into paroxysms of rage. He tried appealing for a stay of Judge Johnson's decision, but was turned down flat. He went before the Alabama legislature to rend the air with 20 minutes of bombast; the proposed march, he declared, was Communist-inspired, abetted by a "collectivist press," by "propagandists masquerading as newsmen." He delivered himself of a withering blast against his old Alabama University friend, Judge Johnson, calling him a man who is "hypocritically wearing the

robes" of a judge while "presiding over a mock court," one who "prostitutes our law in favor of mob rule."

In two telegrams to President Johnson, he bluntly refused to provide protection to the marchers. He reckoned that it would cost \$400,000 and require 6,171 men to police the march route, demanded "federal civil authorities" to do the job because Alabama simply could not afford to. Obviously, Wallace was throwing to the President the onus of having to call out the Alabama National Guard. The President accepted the challenge and from the LBJ Ranch issued the orders that sent the Guard onto the parade route. "Responsibility for maintaining law and order in our federal system properly rests with state and local governments," the President scornfully advised Wallace in a telegram. "I thought that you felt strongly about this."

Through Woods & Marshes. The civil rights leaders planning the march summoned all the skills of a regimental G-4 to get the affair organized and equipped. They assembled mountains of bedrolls and air mattresses, got hold of two huge circus tents and scores of pup tents for four overnight stops, arranged to have hot meals trucked out, lined up 32 portable latrines, a convoy of garbage trucks and a fleet of ambulances.

The marchers were to follow the same route attempted two weeks ago from Brown Chapel African Methodist Episcopal Church in Selma, across the Edmund Pettus Bridge, where the first march was bloodily halted by helmeted state troopers and mounted possemen, then onto a four-lane, divided

stretch of U.S. Highway 80. All but 300 marchers were to drop back at a point 17 miles out of Selma, where the highway narrows to a two-lane, 20-mile strip of piny woods and dismal marshes.

Under court-approved marching orders, the demonstrators would cover 39 miles in the first three days, bivouacking in fields put at their disposal by three Negro farmers. On the fourth day, they would march to the outskirts of Montgomery, stopping for the night in a field owned by a Roman Catholic organization. And on the fifth day, when their numbers are expected to swell to more than 5,000, they would troop right up to Alabama's capital, George Wallace's Confederate flag-topped lair.

New Low. All last week there seemed to be marchers, marchers everywhere—and a few who stopped to think. From all over the U.S., bearded boys, girls in hoots, and a surprising assortment of clergymen flocked to Selma and Montgomery by the busload, many of them summoned by the militant Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and all of them ready to demonstrate anywhere, any time. One civil rights leader candidly admitted that some marches laid out during the week were designed "to give some of the ministers something to do before they go home."

As a result, even Selma's patient Public Safety Director Wilson Baker blew his stack before the week was out. Once, Baker dashed out of a barbershop with half a haircut to head off a crowd of white ministers bent on marching to

the nearby Dallas County Courthouse. "Use your common sense and go back," he told them. "I simply cannot protect you."

The following day, 36 whites, most of them ministers, marched to the home of Selma Mayor Joe Smithman to protest living conditions in the Negro districts. Furious, Baker stormed up to Harry Boyte, a white official of Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and snapped:

"Your word is no good, Harry! You told me there would be no further demonstrations today. I consider this a march by a silly bunch of idiots. You ought to call your organization the Southern Stupid Leadership Conference!"

When Baker placed all 36 under arrest, Boyte said softly, "Wilson, I forgive you." "Harry," Baker shot back, "I don't forgive you. Christianity has reached a new low!" Two days later, when 100 demonstrators turned up again at the mayor's house, Baker took them into "protective custody."

Clubs & Ropes. And there was violence in Montgomery. About 600 students assembled at the Jackson Street Baptist Church to march to the capital. At Decatur Street, they were halted by a wall of state troopers, city police and county possemen. In a mixup in orders, the mounted men waded into the students with clubs and ropes flailing. When one rider pinned a youth against a porch, a priest rushed up and pleaded, "Please let that boy go!" The posseman whacked the priest on the shoulder, snarled, "You bastard preacher!"

The presence of the priest, as well as that of other churchmen who have joined the civil rights cause in Alabama in recent weeks, remained a problem. Obviously, many were drawn there by the conviction that their consciences and their sense of Christian duty demanded no less. Others were there simply to win merit badges, still others to test their own personal commitments in the crucible of violence. Some had come because, as Wilson Baker said, they felt that "someone else must die in Selma to bring this movement to its climax."

In their overzealousness, some of the ministers seemed to have left their good common sense back home with their toothbrushes. Perhaps it was time, as the Roman Catholic liberal weekly *Ave Maria* suggested, for many of those religious leaders "to consider and determine what means of witness and protest are appropriate to clergymen and what means are not." *Ave Maria* questioned whether "the appropriate moral response of clergymen" is "always the same as the appropriate moral response of civil rights leaders."

"Now, Now, Now!" At one point last week, Montgomery demonstrators

joined in a full-throated antiphonal chant.

What do you want, what do you want?

Freedom, freedom, freedom!

When do you want it, when do you want it?

Now, now, now!

How much do you want, how much do you want?

All of it, all of it, all of it!

Alabama's Negroes were unlikely to get all of it "now, now, now," but they were certainly on the way. Like electric charges, the civil rights movement has



PRESIDENT JOHNSON ADDRESSING CONGRESS
A new man, an all-embracing cause.

always crackled between two poles—demonstration and legislation. This week's demonstration was a good example of how such electric charges can sizzle. But far more important were the sparks generated at the other pole—in Washington—where last week the President of the U.S. demonstrated before Congress, as few others ever have, how a functioning democracy can meet its obligations.

"A Meeting of History & Fate"

Into the House of Representatives moved the stately procession of legislators. Government officials, honored guests. The President of the Senate, Hubert Horatio Humphrey, presiding over his first joint session, sat pink-cheeked and solemn in his chair. Speaker John McCormack, seated next to Humphrey, gazed stierly into space.

There was the familiar cry from Doorkeeper William ("Fishbait") Miller: "Mis-tah Speak-ah! The President

of the United States!" There was the rush of applause, the flutter of outstretched arms in the aisle as Lyndon Johnson wove his way toward the rostrum, the predictable burst of foolishness from the Speaker, from whom tradition demands an excessive introduction: "... great pleasure ... highest privilege ... distinguished, personal honor—of presenting to you the President of the United States!"

Such were the ceremonials, old hat by now to many Americans, and yet insistently thrilling. But what followed was a departure from ritual and routine, so startling, so moving, that few who saw it or heard it will ever forget it.

From the Pulpit. Lyndon Johnson himself seemed to sense the moment as he studied the faces that gazed at him. In the visitors' gallery were Lady Bird, Lynda (Luci stayed home to study), and then guest J. Edgar Hoover; on the House floor were scores of former colleagues, the Cabinet, Chief Justice Warren and four Associate Justices of the Supreme Court. Other faces were conspicuous for their absence. The entire congressional delegations of Mississippi and Virginia and a host of fellow Southerners had deliberately stayed away.

Their neglect was understandable. Lyndon Johnson's appearance before the joint session was weighted with momentous meaning for them. This was no ordinary occasion. Not for 19 years—since Harry Truman, in the midst of a railroad strike, asked power to break crippling labor walkouts—had a President appeared before Congress assembled to plead for special legislation. But now, in the wake of public deaths and private resolve, the time had come to assure all American Negroes the right to vote.

Addressing himself thus, Johnson was never more powerful. Other Presidents have lamented the plight of the Negro but have skirted the hard words necessary to describe the depth of the Negro's deprivation. But Johnson believes with Teddy Roosevelt that the Presidency is a "huldy pulpit," and with Truman, who once said, "It is only the President who is responsible to all the people." And so, on the night before and straight up to the time he arrived at the Capitol, he dwelt deeply on his subject, dictating, philosophizing, peniciling, revising, emphasizing. Now he was ready.

Cathedral Hush. "I speak tonight," he began slowly, "for the dignity of man and the destiny of democracy. At times history and fate meet at a single point in a single place to shape a turning point in man's unending search for freedom. So it was last week in Selma, Alabama."

The chamber became suspended in

a cathedral-like hush. Nobody coughed. Nobody whispered. Nobody rustled. The only sound was a product of the silence—the faint click-click of photographers' cameras that was audible clear across the chamber.

But pulses quickened as it became obvious that Johnson had discarded the syrupy quality that has marked many of his earlier speeches. With painful poignancy, he pricked his country's conscience, uttering the unutterable.

"Rarely in any time does an issue lay bare the secret heart of America itself. Equal rights for American Negroes is such an issue. And should we defeat every enemy, and should we double our wealth and conquer the stars, and still be unequal to this issue, then we will have failed as a people and as a nation."

The Harsh Fact. Lyndon Johnson fairly swept his audience along, drew his first applause when he quoted *Mattew*: "For, with a country as with a person, 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'" The emotion took hold, the Texas twang rose and billowed. He smiled beatifically, sighed sarcastically, frowned fiercely; he pursed his lips, jerked his thumb, clenched his fists, reasoned, cajoled, commanded. No section of the U.S., said Johnson, should "look with prideful righteousness on the troubles in another section," for "there is no Negro problem. There is no Southern problem. There is no Northern problem. There is only an American problem." This brought a quick, spontaneous burst of applause.

But, Johnson conceded, the immediate purpose of his visit dealt with the South. The founding fathers, he recalled, believed that "the most basic right of all was the right to choose your own leaders." Yet, he said, "the harsh fact is that in many places in this country men and women are kept from voting simply because they are Negroes. Every device of which human ingenuity is capable has been used to deny this right. The Negro citizen may go to register only to be told that the day is wrong, or the hour is late. And even a college degree cannot be used to prove that he can read and write. For the fact is that the only way to pass these barriers is to show a white skin."

Great Wave. When he ad-libbed that he had helped to enact three civil rights bills, his listeners gave him another handsome round, and did so again when he called on his fellow leaders to "now act in obedience" to their oaths to uphold the Constitution. By now the applause came after almost every sentence, as Johnson laid out his purpose: "I will send to Congress a law designed to eliminate illegal barriers to the right to vote," which "will provide for citizens to be registered by officials of the United States Government" when it proves necessary.

It took "eight long months" to pass the 1964 civil rights bill, Johnson thundered. "This time, on this issue," he

cried, rising to a climax, "there must be no delay, or no hesitation, or no compromise with our purpose!" Slowly at first, then like a great wave, the applause grew. After a long minute Emanuel Celler of New York, dean of the House and a longtime civil libertarian, jumped to his feet, bringing others in the chamber to their feet with him. Democrats first, then Republicans—for 30 seconds they stood, pouring out a Niagara of applause.

Lyndon Johnson was not through. He warned: "Even if we pass this bill,

the battle will not be over. What happened in Selma is part of a far larger movement . . . the effort of American Negroes to secure for themselves the full blessings of American life." With touching earnestness, he pleaded: "Their cause must be our cause too. Because it's not just Negroes, but really it's all of us who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice." Then, in careful, metered, sledgehammer syllables, he added: "And we shall overcome!" Without hesitation—no leader this time needed to start it



TEACHER & STUDENTS AT COTULLA GRADE SCHOOL (1928)

"I WANT TO BE THE PRESIDENT WHO..."

In his address, Lyndon Baines Johnson not only laid open the U.S. racial question. He also bared some inmost thoughts on how he wants to be regarded by history. Excerpt:

My first job after college was as a teacher in Cotulla, Texas, in a small Mexican-American school. My students were poor, and they often came to class without breakfast and hungry. And they knew even in their youth the pain of prejudice. They never seemed to know why people disliked them, but they knew it was so because I saw it in their eyes.

I often walked home late in the afternoon wishing there was more that I could do. Somehow you never forget what poverty and hatred can do when you see its scars on the hopeful face of a young child. I never thought then, in 1928, that I would be standing here in 1965. It never even occurred to me in my fondest dreams that I might have the chance to help the sons and daughters of those students, and to help people like them all over this country. But now I do have that chance. And I'll let you in on a secret—I mean to use it.

This is the richest, most powerful country which ever occupied this globe. The might of past empires is little compared to ours. But I do not want to be the President who built

empires, or sought grandeur, or extended dominion. I want to be the President who educated young children to the wonders of their world.

I want to be the President who helped to feed the hungry and to prepare them to be taxpayers instead of tax eaters.

I want to be the President who helped the poor to find their own way.

I want to be the President who helped to end hatred among his fellow men and who promoted love among the people of all races, all regions and all parties.

I want to be the President who helped to end war among the brothers of this earth.

Beyond this great chamber—out yonder—in 50 states are the people that I serve. Who can tell what deep and unspoken hopes are in their hearts tonight as they sit there and listen? We can all guess, from our own lives, how difficult they often find their own pursuit of happiness; how many problems each little family has. They look most of all to themselves for their future, but I think that they also look to each of us.

—his audience rose in another thunderous standing ovation.

By the time he was finished, Lyndon Johnson had painted for all the nation to see a picture of a man shorn of cant, newly committed and unalterably dedicated to the civil rights cause. Long ago—as Congressman and Senator—he had been among those who manned the barricades against the Negro advance by voting against key civil rights bills. There was no question now that he was involved. In his address, he illuminated that involvement in a revealing statement by which he hoped history would judge him (see box). He strode from the chamber a changed man, confident in that hope, certain that he had launched the U.S. itself inexorably toward a new purpose.

Enforcing the 15th

Ninety-five years ago, when the U.S. added the 15th Amendment to the Constitution, President Ulysses S. Grant called it "a measure of grander importance than any other one act of the kind, from the foundation of our free Government to the present day." The 15th did indeed have a grand ring; it promised that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude."

Nevertheless, the great promise of the 15th Amendment was never fulfilled; it was like a stirring march that was written but never played. It needed strong legislative implementation to make it come alive.

The voting rights bill that President Johnson sent to Congress last week strikes up the band. As Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, prime mover and a key author of the bill, explained to a House Judiciary Subcommittee last week: "This bill applies to every kind of election, federal, state and local, including primaries. It is designed to deal with the two principal means of frustrating the 15th Amendment: the use of onerous, vague, unfair tests and devices enacted for the purpose of disenfranchising Negroes, and the discriminatory administration of these and other kinds of registration requirements."

Limited Franchise. The voting rights bill did not spring entirely from spur-of-the-moment shock at the outrages in Selma. Back in November, the President had ordered White House aides and Justice Department attorneys to begin designing a powerful and unprecedented measure to assure Negro voting rights. Well aware that it would be subjected to a quick and savage attack from the South on constitutional grounds, Johnson warned Katzenbach: "I want this bill completely legal." That was possible. But to make it completely tamperproof was another matter.

The notion that the Constitution absolutely assures every citizen the right to vote is quite wrong. "At the time

the Constitution was framed," explains University of Chicago Law Professor Philip Kurland, "it provided for only a limited franchise." That franchise in 1789 went almost exclusively to white males; most Negroes were slaves, with no rights at all, and it was to be 131 years before women would be permitted to vote.

The 15th Amendment, enacted by zealous Reconstructionists, was indeed a historic cornerstone. It gave Congress the power to enforce equal voting rights through legislation, in effect overriding Article 1, Section 2 of the Constitution, which leaves voting qualifications entirely up to the states. But the legislation that Congress devised was more



ATTORNEY GENERAL KATZENBACH
"This bill must be legal."

often than not sloppily written or beyond constitutional bounds. The effect of it all was virtual disenfranchisement of Negroes in the Deep South.

Burn the Papers. An uneasy stirring of conscience in 1957 finally moved Congress to pass a civil rights bill that allowed the Government to initiate suits in cases of voting discrimination or intimidation. Again, in 1960 and 1964, the laws were revised to make it easier for Justice Department lawyers to get action on voting suits. Still, the courts drifted along at a painfully slow pace. Seventy-one suits have been filed by the Government since the 1957 law was passed. Yet in only about a dozen of these cases have courts handed down orders with enough muscle actually to halt discrimination.

All in all, it was an exercise in futility. No sooner would the Government dislodge one unjust voting law than Southern legislatures would dream up another. "Then," says Nick Katzenbach, "you've got to bring suits to throw these out too. You've got to go all the way to the Supreme Court, and when you get that done, there's nothing to

prevent them from coming up with something else."

Unsurprisingly, Justice Department lawyers devote an average of 28 months' hard labor to each suit. In a Montgomery, Ala., case, for example, the Government had to analyze 36,000 pages of voter applications and subpoena 185 witnesses; six lawyers worked a full year just to prepare the case for court. When Congress authorized free Government access to registration records, Mississippi's legislature simply passed a law empowering state registrars to burn their papers. A voting-discrimination suit against officials in Selma was started in April 1961, but it was not until last month that an effective court order was produced—and Selma's registration history, so eloquently depicted in current headlines, testifies to the effectiveness of that court order.

Aimed at the Barricades. As Selma's angry impatience exploded, Lyndon Johnson realized that the time was ripe to go after the widest possible support for his bill. Key figures in the bipartisan drafting were Republican Senate Leader Everett Dirksen, Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Katzenbach. Each man set his own legal staff to work, writing drafts of the new bill, refining, plugging loopholes, setting new standards, comparing notes. At each stage Lyndon Johnson studied the proposals and made suggestions. The 24th Amendment to the Constitution already outlaws poll taxes in federal elections, and now Johnson wanted a section abolishing poll taxes in local elections too. Katzenbach advised against it, since the Supreme Court is expected soon to rule on a suit involving Virginia's poll tax.

The product of the joint enterprise, as proposed in Congress last week, is based firmly on the 15th Amendment. More important, it is aimed precisely at the barricades that have delayed quick action in the past. Significantly, most of the power to act in voting cases would be moved out of the courts and into the hands of the executive branch. The bill would slam hardest at its biggest targets—those states with the most outstanding records of voter discrimination.

No Coincidence. Under a carefully inclusive formula, the bill covers any state or county where 1) a literacy test or similar qualifying device was in force as of Nov. 1, 1964, and where 2) fewer than 50% of voting-age residents either were registered or cast ballots in the 1964 presidential election. "The premise," Katzenbach says, "is that the coincidence of low electoral participation and the use of tests and devices results from racial discrimination in the administration of the tests and devices."

By no coincidence, that formula is calculated to attack the most flagrant rights offenders in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia and 34 counties in North Carolina. Under the bill, the Attorney General can abolish the literacy tests in

those places for ten years. He also has the power to replace local registration officials with federal registrars.

Big Fish. Inclusive as they tried to be, drafters of the bill did miss some states with records of voting abuses. There is voter discrimination in Florida, Arkansas and Tennessee, but they do not fall under the bill's provisions because those states do not require literacy tests. Says a Justice Department attorney: "If we had tried to use a finer net, we would have caught a lot more nondiscriminatory fish."

As it turns out, the net does catch a few apparently innocent fish. Aroostook County, Me.; Elmore County, Idaho; Apache County, Ariz., and the whole state of Alaska would be subject to federal control under the new bill because they, too, used literacy tests and failed to turn out 50% of their eligible voters in November. Says Katzenbach: "As far as I know, it may have snowed in Maine on Election Day, and that's why they had a low turnout." To get federal dispensation, these places would have only to show that they have not been guilty of discrimination.

The machinery for that purpose lies in a provision for an appeal to a three-judge U.S. District Court in the District of Columbia. If the court found no evidence of voting discrimination, federal control over voting in the state would be canceled. But Katzenbach & Co. want to take no chances on missing their primary targets. They wrote in a clause saying that any state found by a federal court to have practiced voting discrimination—at any time over the past ten years—cannot be exempted through appeal; the state automatically remains under the Attorney General's jurisdiction.

Since Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana have all been slapped with discriminatory voting judgments in recent months, each state would face ten years of federal voting controls. Georgia, slapped with a similar judgment in 1960, could not wriggle out for another five years. South Carolina and Virginia could be exempted through appeal, but the Justice Department would almost certainly put up an extremely tough case against them.

Co-Sponsors. All too aware of past attempts to thwart Negro voting rights, the writers of the bill have added a clause that would hog-tie evasive Southern legislatures. Once a state comes under federal vote controls, all its voting laws would be frozen as of last Nov. 1. No new regulations could be put into effect unless the District of Columbia federal court—a notably pro-civil rights body—approved them first. Moreover, even the qualifications on which a federal registrar would judge voter applicants would be approved by the Civil Service Commission and the Attorney General, although Congress may want to provide some general guidelines on such matters as literacy of applicants, age, mental com-

petence, residence and history of felony convictions.

As the bill stands now, it appears to answer the needs of the moment and ought to pass both houses handily. For once, a Senate civil rights filibuster seems unlikely. The proposal was introduced on the Senate floor last week by 64 co-sponsors—44 Democrats and 20 Republicans. To make certain that it does not get stuck in Mississippi Senator James Eastland's Judiciary Committee, the Senate voted 67 to 13 to instruct Segregationist Eastland to return the bill to the floor no later than April 9. The House hopes to vote by mid-April, and will probably produce no more than 100 votes against it.

chief lobbyist for the Administration's 1964 tax-cut bill Fowler pored over the *Congressional Record* daily, analyzing countless pages of debate, spent hours wheeling Congressmen in the halls—and played a major role in finally getting the measure passed. However, Fowler tangled with Kennedy Economic Adviser Walter Heller. Their differences were mostly kept behind the scenes. But Fowler questioned Heller's economic forecasting and political judgment, was irritated by what he deemed Heller's undue interference.

Last spring, pleading financial strain, Fowler resigned from the Treasury to return to his Washington law practice. When Dillon announced in the fall that



DILLON & FOWLER AT PRINCETON BANKERS' CONFERENCE
This time, the top was far No. One.

THE ADMINISTRATION Old Hand for Treasury

President Johnson last week concluded his long search for a new Secretary of the Treasury. Nominated to succeed outgoing Douglas Dillon was Henry H. ("Joe") Fowler, 56, attorney, administrator, and Treasury Under Secretary for three years prior to resigning last April.

A snow-haired, courtly Virginian, Fowler was born in Roanoke, the son of a locomotive engineer. He graduated from Yale Law School, served as a New Deal-era counsel for the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Federal Power Commission. In the 1940s he was a lawyer for the War Production Board; during the Korean War he rose to director of the Office of Defense Mobilization.

Instrumental. In 1961, Treasury Secretary Dillon tapped Fowler to be his No. 2 man; Dillon needed a tested administrator and, as a Republican, also wanted Washington-wise Democrat Fowler to help push fiscal policies through a Democratic Congress. As

he, too, planned to step down, Johnson wanted his old friend Donald C. Cook, president of the American Electric Power Co., to succeed Dillon. But Cook turned the President down (TIME, March 19), and Lyndon turned hopefully to Fowler.

Easy Money. The choice came as a considerable surprise to those who had been following Johnson's search for a Treasury man. Fowler, after all, is neither a banker nor a businessman. His credentials nevertheless are outstanding. He is a faithful Democrat who has worked hard for his party; last year he organized the Businessmen for Johnson-Humphrey group. In addition to his proved ability in dealing with Congress, he is well acquainted with business problems.

Fowler is an easy-money man, which certainly appeals to Johnson, but he is respected in the business community for his sound, generally conservative views. He will leave to the Treasury experts the technical routine of monetary policy and devote himself mainly to overseeing the Government's role in the U.S. economy.

THE CONGRESS

Love's Labors Won

One desultory afternoon last week, New York's Democratic Congressman Emanuel Celler, 76, rose in the sparsely populated House chamber to perform a labor of love, Celler's task: to speak on his bill outlawing gerrymandering of congressional districts. It was a subject close to Manny Celler's old Brooklyn heart.

"You know," he began, "it is said that gold never rusts. Twenty years ago, I put this gold nugget, this bill, away, and it has not rusted. It is just as good today as it was 20 years ago when I first tried to get it through the committee on the judiciary of the House of Representatives and it failed. I have been very patient and on many occasions have made speeches to advance this bill. But I was always frustrated."

What cured Manny Celler's frustration was last year's Supreme Court ruling on redistricting. The court declared that "as nearly as is practicable, one man's vote in a congressional election is to be worth as much as another's." What was needed now was some implementing law, and it just so happened that Celler had exactly what the Supreme Court ordered.

His bill requires that congressional districts must be both contiguous and compact—no more political flimflam that over the years has shaped many districts into incomprehensible geographical puzzles—and specifies that the population of any district may not vary by more than 15% from the average population of other districts in the same state. A total of 130 districts in 32 states now fail to meet that population provision; they would be required to correct matters before the 1966 congressional elections.

Any alternative to these proposals, Celler argued, would be "a veritable

mishmash, a hodgepodge. I do not think you want that." He was right. The House accepted the bill by a voice vote and sent Manny Celler's nugget to the Senate, where passage looks as good as gold.

Last week the Congress also:

► Defeated, in the House, a proposal to give U.S. Supreme Court Justices a \$3,000 pay raise (to \$42,500). Taking its cue from Missouri's Democratic Congressman Paul C. Jones, who bawled, "Let's vote it down and show the Supreme Court what we think of them." The House did just that, 203 to 177.

► Passed, in the Senate, a four-year extension of the Manpower Development and Training Act, which provides up to two years' on-the-job or classroom training for the unemployed who lack skills or education.

► Approved, in the House Judiciary Committee, legislation to provide for presidential disability or for vacancy in the office of the Vice President (TIME, Feb. 5). Already passed by the Senate, the measure is scheduled to go to the whole House next month. Once approved, it must be ratified by three-fourths of the 50 state legislatures before becoming the 25th amendment to the Constitution.

DEFENSE

Delayed Salvos

Air Force General Thomas S. Power, for seven years head of the U.S. Strategic Air Command, has always been boldly outspoken on airpower and its advantages, and on other hotly debated questions of strategy. In 1959 he wrote a controversial book summing up his views on U.S. military policy in the nuclear age, but then-Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy ordered Power to lock it up on the ground that publication would be improper while Power was still on active duty. The manuscript stayed locked up under President Kennedy.

Now retired, Power, 59, has dusted off his book and published it. *Design for Survival* may raise hackles here and there in the Pentagon, but Power's ideas are as strong as ever, and certainly different.

Eventually Conventional. Power is the only top-ranking U.S. commander to oppose publicly the 1963 partial nuclear test ban treaty. He terms disarmament patently unworkable, brands U.S. disarmament proposals at Geneva "such as mutual inspection of atomic sites"—"fantastic and unrealistic." The U.S., he says, could better encourage peace by concentrating on remaining strong, instead is like someone trying to "dress and undress at the same time."

Power also differs with any suggestion that the U.S. must not be the first to use nuclear weapons in any future war. Throughout history, he argues,



POWER IN PILOT'S SEAT
A suspicion of fatal error.

"regardless of any prevailing moral concept, new weapons never remained 'unconventional' for long because, in the eternal struggle for power and survival, nation after nation had to acquire and use these weapons until they became quite conventional—and moral." He foresees that the U.S. might use "nuclear munitions" in local wars where American soldiers are "vastly outnumbered by the Communists." Further, it is "conceivable" that the U.S. may some day have to launch pre-emptive nuclear war against Russia.

Floating Surprise? Naturally, Power feels that the U.S. needs a new strategic bomber. He insists that nuclear bombers can be retained as a backstop deterrent, argues that by firing air-to-ground rockets against antiaircraft installations ahead, among other techniques, more bombers could get through than might be expected. But under present planning, reports Power, within eight to ten years "all B-47s would have long been retired; the remaining B-52s would be worn and obsolete, and the limited number of B-58s would be obsolescent at best," while "for the first time in the history of American strategic airpower, no follow-on bomber is under development." Power's emergency solution: Adapt the F-111 (TFX) fighter-bomber for SAC use as a medium-range strategic bomber.

Finally, Power feels that the U.S. may be making a fatal error if it should neglect the military possibilities of outer space. He charges that Washington, which "blithely joined" in a United Nations resolution banning the use of weapons in space, virtually conceded "this promising medium to Soviet trickery." Power warns that Americans "may wake up one morning" and find a number of nuclear-armed Soviet satellites "floating in stationary orbits over every part of the United States."



BROOKLYN'S CELLER
A nugget never rusts.

By Coward-McCann, S.S.

LABOR

George & the Leprechauns

Since 1949, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has poured \$15 million into the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, a Brussels-based labor movement dedicated to promoting unionism in underdeveloped countries. Such a stake gives the A.F.L.-C.I.O. a big voice in I.C.F.T.U. affairs, and so Union President George Meany figures, the right to criticize as well. Recently, Meany did just that. At a press conference, he lit into the I.C.F.T.U., charging among other things that it was "an ineffective bureaucracy, right down to the fairies."

To anybody except small children and little old ladies, that meant only one thing, and next day papers across the U.S. carried stories reporting Meany's charge of homosexuality at I.C.F.T.U. From I.C.F.T.U. headquarters in Brussels, staff members cabled Meany that they "were deeply shocked." Commented one female staffer, more or less demurely: "Mr. Meany is as wrong as can be. Most of the girls here would tell him the opposite charge would make more sense."

Inevitably, Meany had to reply. Last week he turned up in Brussels, barking angrily: "It's all lies, lies, lies! I never used the word homosexual!" It's like this, he explained: "I'm an Irishman and we have a lot of stories about fairies and leprechauns, and we also use the word fairy simply to say somebody is a gossip, an idle gossip."

Maybe so, sniffed I.C.F.T.U. Secretary-General Omer Becu, adding: "Personally, I've always understood that fairy meant homosexual." I know that I wouldn't like it at all if anybody called me a fairy."

As do homo, nola, pix, flit, queer, fag, fag, got, aglay, fruit, nance, pansy, queen, she, male, nary, and a variety of other, more pungent terms.

CALIFORNIA

The Wilder Ones

The 1954 movie *The Wild One* was a slice-of-seedy-life picture about a pack of vicious, swaggering motorcycle hoods called the Black Rebels. The characters were too overdrawn and the violence they wrought was too unrelieved to engage the credulity of its audience, so the film passed quickly into oblivion. Last week it was back—in real life. The story was told by California Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch, in a shocking report on a motorcycle gang called Hell's Angels.

It was a rape case that ignited Lynch's investigation. Last fall, two teen-age girls were taken forcibly from their dates and raped by several members of the gang. From 104 California sheriffs, district attorneys and chiefs of police, Lynch amassed a mountain of evidence about Hell's Angels, the thrust of which shows that the group has more than lived up to its sinister moniker.

Chopped Hogs. Founded in 1950 at Fontana, a steel town 50 miles east of Los Angeles, the club now numbers about 450 in California. Their logbook of kicks runs from sexual perversion and drug addiction to simple assault and thievery. Among them, they boast 874 felony arrests, 300 felony convictions, 1,682 misdemeanor arrests, and 1,023 misdemeanor convictions. Of 151 Angels involved in the 300 felony convictions, only 85 have ever served time in prisons or reform schools.

No act is too degrading for the pack. Their initiation rite, for example, demands that any new member bring a woman or girl (called a "sheep") who is willing to submit to sexual intercourse with each member of the club. But their favorite activity seems to be terrorizing whole towns. Once, roaring along on their "chopped hogs" (customized Harley-Davidson machines), they swept with their girl friends into the town of Porterville (pop. 7,991). With them

were members of several other outlaw motorcycle gangs, the Stray Satans, Galloping Geoses, Comancheros and Cavaliers. Reports Lynch.

"By Saturday evening they had assembled in the center of the city. Most started to drink in local bars, becoming obnoxious and vulgar. They stood in the middle of the street, where they stopped vehicles, opened car doors and attempted to pet and paw female passengers in the automobiles. The women who accompanied the group lay in the middle of the street, where they went through suggestive motions. At about this time, some half-dozen motorcyclists invaded a bar and brutally beat an old man and attempted to abduct the barmaid. Shortly thereafter some dozen motorcyclists went to the local hospital, where they pushed in every door of the hospital looking for the victim of the beating."

Dossiers. When they are not thus engaged, the Angels—sometimes accompanied by the young children of a member and by the unmarried females who hang out with the club—often rent a dilapidated house on the edge of a town, where they swap girls, drugs and stolen motorcycle parts with equal abandon. In between drug-induced stupors, the Angels go on motorcycle-stealing forays, even have a panel truck with a special ramp for loading the stolen machines. Afterward, they may ride off again to seek some new nadir in sordid behavior.

Armed with all this information, Attorney General Lynch last week announced that all local law enforcement agencies have now been supplied with dossiers on each member of Hell's Angels and on similar gangs, and set up a coordinated intelligence service that will try to track down the hoods wherever they appear. "They will no longer be allowed to threaten the lives, peace and security of honest citizens of our state," said he. To that, thousands of Californians shuddered a grateful amen.



MOTORCYCLISTS ON THE ROAD



ANGELS UNDER ARREST

A logbook of kicks, a search for new nadirs.

THE WORLD

RUSSIA

After the Fall

The last time a pair of Soviet cosmonauts went whirling around the world, they spent a lot of time on the radio-telephone exchanging compliments with "dear Nikita Sergeevich." But by the time they got back down to Moscow on Oct. 19, Khrushchev had been deposed in a sudden Kremlin coup. Last week Russia's latest spacemen (see cover story in SCIENCE) seemed to be taking no chances: their

naturally raised a lot of questions. How was he faring? Where was he going? What had he been doing lately? Did his reappearance in public signal a possible return to some kind of office? Nikita himself would not or—more likely—could not answer. To request for an interview, he snapped: "Not now, some time." Still, most of the answers were plain to see.

Limited Trust. The Khrushchevs apparently have been assigned a six-room apartment in a pillared and balconied building next to the Canadian embassy

RUMANIA

Among the Lost

Bushy-browed Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, who died of pneumonia at 63 in Bucharest last week, was, with East German's Walter Ulbricht, the last of the unregenerate Stalinists who rose to power on the Red Army wave that swept over Eastern Europe in 1944. Nonetheless, in his last years, he earned some popularity by astute maneuvering that won Rumania a measure of independence from Soviet domination.

Bear Twist. Rumanians have always hated the Russians anyway, but Gheorghiu-Dej chafed particularly under the raw-material-supplying role assigned his country by the Soviets' version of the Common Market. Comecon. He had no intention of letting Rumania be a combination "market garden" and "gas station." Instead, he talked the Soviets into supplying iron ore and machinery for the construction of a huge steel complex at Galati.

Dej next became bold enough to make overtures to the West. Without waiting for the Soviets, he expanded Galati by signing a \$42 million contract for a steel plant with a British-French combine. The Sino-Soviet split gave Dej another chance to twist the bear's tail. Rumania's Premier Ion Maurer winged off to Peking last year and agreed to boost trade with the Chinese Communists by 10%. He stopped off in the Soviet Union on the way back and kindly volunteered to "mediate" Sino-Soviet differences, while back in Bucharest. Russian bookstores were being closed, and Russian was dropped as a compulsory language in the schools. The Rumanian press quoted liberally from Chinese diatribes against the Soviets. The Kremlin bit its lip and wangled an invitation for President Anastas Mikoyan to attend Bucharest's celebration of its 1944 "liberation." Otherwise, China's representative would have had the show all to himself.

Slight Show. Rumanian foreign policy favors Soviet-style peaceful coexistence, but Dej himself was as much a Stalinist as Mao. A onetime shoemaker's apprentice, he used Stalin's backing to oust Ana Pauker, the Communist Amazon, in 1952. His regime, despite some slight thawing, maintains just about the greyest, grimmest police state in Europe. Not until last year were 10,000 of his 12,000 political prisoners released.

In failing health for the past two years, Dej is survived by the cadre of Communists who have been major designers of his nationalist policies and will probably continue them. Most likely to take over is Nicolae Ceausescu, No. 2 man in the hierarchy. Other candidates include Premier Maurer, former Premier Chivu Stoica, and Union Boss Gheorghe Apostol.



KHRUSHCHEV AT THE POLLS
The old pensioner oozed a tear.

astral greeting was addressed to "the Leninist Central Committee of the Communist Party and the Soviet government." They could have been holder, for after they fell from orbit, the government was still in the hands of Khrushchev's colorless successors, Premier Aleksei Kosygin and First Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev.

"Not Now." Nikita must have sensed the irony in the fact that the Kremlin chose last week as the time to trot him out for his first public appearance since his ouster. Western newsmen were tipped off in advance that Nikita would be available for all to see at a Moscow polling place not a mile from the Kremlin. Sure enough, up wheeled a chauffeur-driven car, and out hopped the familiar figure—not quite as pudgy, not quite as ebullient—but undeniably Nikita Khrushchev. Eager Soviet citizens and reporters swarmed around him, anxious to know how he felt. "I feel just like a pensioner," Nikita replied huskily with a tear in his eye. "All right. All right."

It was five months to the day since Khrushchev's lieutenants had deposed him, and this glimpse of him quite

on Staro-Konyushenny (Old Stable) Lane. Another sign of Khrushchev's relatively comfortable retirement was the chauffeur-driven ZIL limousine in which he and Wife Nina rode off from the apartment last week. They were headed just around the corner to vote in the municipal elections. Walking under a huge sign that read "Dobro Pochalovai" (Welcome), Khrushchev waved off a voting official who signaled him to the head of the line. When he reached the table, a young woman poll watcher asked him for his identity papers before handing him his ballot. "Don't you trust me?" Khrushchev quipped. "Yes," said the girl with a blush, "of course we trust you."

She might, but did the Kremlin? Khrushchev's freedom is clearly no more than nominal. Touched as he was by the crowd's interest, Nikita could not talk freely. Obviously, he is on a leash, being paraded at the Kremlin's will and for its own purposes. Right now at least, those seem to be merely to reassure indignant European Communists—and the world at large—that Nikita is alive, healthy, and not being treated too badly.

EGYPT

A Tale of Two Autocrats

For twelve years, Farouk of Egypt wandered in exile. In public he wore dark glasses and was accompanied by two bodyguards who fended off newsmen and curious bystanders. In private Farouk endlessly pursued women and was reputed to know every call girl in Rome by name. When a starlet appeared on the Via Veneto with a new piece of jewelry, friends would examine it and ask "Farouk?"

Fat, flabby, 45-year-old Farouk symbolized the gross results of a classically misspent life. Last week he died as he had lived—gorging himself on fine food with a willowy blonde at his side. The end came in Rome's Ile de France restaurant on the ancient Aurelian Way near Vatican City. Accompanied by blonde Anna Maria Giatti, 28, Farouk dined at midnight on oysters, roast lamb, cake and fruit. At 1:30 in the morning, as he enjoyed a post-prandial cigar, Farouk said he felt faint, clutched at his throat and fell forward on the table. An ambulance was summoned and Farouk was placed in an oxygen tent at the hospital. Minutes later he was dead, apparently of a heart attack. Found on Farouk's body were a gold wedding ring, a cigarette lighter, a watch, a pillbox initialed "F," a pair of dark glasses, a loaded Beretta automatic, identity papers, and a billfold containing \$115 in Italian lire and \$2,500 in U.S. bills.

Regular Tours. The young King who took over as ruler of Egypt in 1936

seemed hardly destined for such a sordid end. At the death of his father, King Fuad, he had been recalled from Britain's Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Farouk was then a tall, handsome youth of 16 who took pride in his position as Egypt's Chief Boy Scout. After a two-year regency, Farouk got full power and pledged he would be "the first servant of my country."

His reign began auspiciously. Farouk diligently toured Egypt and was acutely aware of the crushing, age-old poverty of the fellahin. On the advice of his Oxford-educated tutor, Ahmed Hassanee Pasha, Farouk became interested in social reform. In the war years, Farouk and Hassanee regularly toured bombed areas of Cairo and Alexandria.

Corrupt Courtiers. After the war, Farouk increased his influence in the Middle East by founding the Arab League. Then his first marriage, to Queen Farida, who had borne him three daughters, broke up, and trusted Hassanee Pasha died of a heart attack. Hassanee was replaced by an unsavory crew ranging from Pulley Bey, a former Italian barber and electrician, to Kareem Tabet, a wily Lebanese newsmen. Farouk was soon gambling away his nights at the card tables of Cairo's Royal Automobile Club or touring the Riviera circuit, where he rented 30-room hotel suites and sometimes dropped more than \$100,000 a week at the casinos. His name was repeatedly linked with belly dancers and beauty queens. The Arab-Israeli war of 1948 ended in a crushing Egyptian defeat, and army officers grumbled that the fault lay with Farouk's corrupt courtiers who, they claimed, had got huge gains by supplying the army with shells that wouldn't fire and grenades that went off as soon as the pin was removed.

Farouk seemed uninterested. In 1949 he spotted a lovely young girl in a Cairo jewelry store. His spies reported that her name was Narriman Sadek and that she was about to be married to Egyptian Diplomat Zaki Hashem. Farouk sent Hashem off to a post abroad and married Narriman himself. A year later, the new Queen presented Farouk with a son, Prince Fuad. But this marriage also ended in divorce, and Farouk resumed collecting women in much the same fashion that he collected coins, stamps, clocks, jewelry and pornography.

At the Morgue. The growing disorder of Farouk's personal life and the corruption and mismanagement of his government led to the 1952 *coup d'état* by a group of army officers headed by Major General Mohammed Naguib, who was later displaced by Gamal Abdel Nasser. Deposed, Farouk sailed off on his royal yacht and was said to have arrived at Naples in tears.

In the years following, Farouk became a citizen of Monaco but spent most of his time in Rome. He grew ever more gross and more persistent in the pursuit of women. And it was mostly women, last week, who crowded



FAROUK INSPECTING TROOPS 1938



FAROUK AT CAPRI (1952)
The call girls' favorite Boy Scout.

around his bier at Rome's municipal morgue. His first wife, Farida, and her three daughters came from Switzerland. Six other women, who said they were Egyptian refugees, also signed the funeral register. Young Prince Fuad left a sickbed to attend the funeral and was the major beneficiary of Farouk's \$3 million estate.

There were many ironies to his death. As ex-King of Egypt, he died in exile in Rome, just as ex-King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III, died in exile in Alexandria. Also ironic was the fact that in the week of Farouk's death, the man who had helped overthrow him, Gamal Abdel Nasser, was almost unanimously re-elected President of Egypt, obtaining an incredible 99.999% of the 6,950,000 votes cast. If the results were to be believed, only 65 hardy souls voted against Nasser, while 489 ballots were defaced and therefore held invalid.

"Factory Hysteria." As the election returns might suggest, Nasser has been every bit as autocratic as Farouk ever was. Only one name was on last week's ballots, and only one name appeared in the screaming headlines of the government-controlled press, all of them demanding Nasser's "re-election." To the



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ISRAEL'S ESHKOL



ARAB DEMONSTRATION IN BEIRUT

West Germany? East Germany? Or neither?

MIDDLE EAST

A Call for Wise Hearts

"It's like a cemetery in here," whispered a backbencher in Jerusalem's Knesset last week. And well it might be, for the legislature was facing the most painful decision in Israel's recent history—the question of close diplomatic ties with West Germany, a nation inevitably associated in Jewish minds with the hated Nazi past.

Premier Levi Eshkol was as conscious as anyone of the gravity of the matter as he rose to introduce the government's motion. Pressing logic on the glum Deputies who sat before him, he insisted that formal ties with West Germany would not only amount to a significant defeat for Israel's Arab enemies, but also would strengthen Israel economically and speed the day when it could win associate membership in the Common Market. "This is a struggle between heart and head," declared Eshkol. "Let us say that it is wise-hearted to go ahead with it."

Purim Eve, Eshkol could hardly expect unanimous agreement. Right-wing Nationalist Opposition Leader Menachem Beigin cried: "Before you decide on relations with Germany, remember that the millions of Germans who were the Nazis' Hitler Jugend, members of the Gestapo and the SS, will be represented by a German ambassador with Israel with a German flag and with *Deutschland über Alles*." When Deputy Premier Abba Eban suggested that the hymn could be played in Israel without offense since it was written by a German liberal, he was hooted down.

Though it was the eve of the gay

Purim holiday, angry pickets outside the Knesset were in no festive mood as they jostled police and waved placards denouncing the government motion. But for all the emotionalism, in the end Eshkol's plea for wise hearts—along with party discipline—prevailed: by a vote of 66 to 29, with 10 abstentions, the Knesset voted to establish diplomatic ties with West Germany.

Predictably, Israel's decision also touched off demonstrations all over the Arab world. In Baghdad, 10,000 Iraqis stormed Bonn's embassy and set it afire, and 4,000 Yemenis gave the embassy in Taiz the same treatment. In Lebanon, there were riots in seven towns, one injuring 23 students and police. Only tough police action protected German embassies in Syria, Egypt and the Sudan from angry mobs.

Roeks in the Head? The Arab world's diplomatic response was more measured. One by one Arab envoys in Bonn packed their bags to come home, following an Arab foreign ministers' meeting in Cairo that had reached only limited agreement on a proposal to break diplomatic ties with West Germany. Ten Arab nations agreed to withdraw ambassadors from Bonn, but Morocco, Tunisia and Libya (which annually sells Bonn 35% of its oil output, or \$245 million worth) refused to go even that far. Most of the foreign ministers were frankly appalled at Nasser's call for recognition of East Germany and an economic boycott of West German goods. "If Nasser expects us to do all that in the cause of Arab unity," growled one, "he has rocks in his head." What was emerging among the majority of Arab nations was a "no Germany" policy that would recognize neither East nor West.

After the Knesset vote, Erhard's personal ambassador, Kurt Birrenbach, flew back to Jerusalem to negotiate with Eshkol the terms of the protocol establishing relations. Among other sweeteners, he carried an offer to renew for ten years Bonn's \$75 million annual economic aid to Israel. Meanwhile Er-

Egyptian masses, who tend to be docile people, these political shortcomings are less important than the economic results that Nasser has achieved. Industrial production has climbed from \$753.6 million in 1952 to an estimated \$2.1 billion this year. Exports have more than quadrupled, and the output of textiles has soared from \$204 million to \$660 million. Land reclamation, which averaged 5,000 acres annually under Farouk, now averages 150,000 acres a year. The size of the national budget has tripled in twelve years, and the per capita income risen in the same period from \$120 to \$180.

But such statistics cannot conceal Nasser's failure in his long campaign to achieve Arab unity, or in his military campaign in Yemen that ties down some 50,000 Egyptian troops. His pell-mell "factory hysteria" resulted in a muddle of mismanagement and high costs. A Fiat assembly plant near Cairo employs 5,000 workers but turns out only 15 cars a day due to material shortages. The Helwan iron and steel complex produces rails that were turned down as inferior by Egyptian national railways and were finally accepted only on Nasser's insistence. At year's end Nasser was forced to sell one-fourth of his \$138 million gold reserves to pay off short-term obligations and maintain the nation's credit standing.

Meatless Days. With commerce largely under state ownership or control, consumers have to put up with acute shortages of almost everything from toilet paper to transistor radio batteries. Demand far outstrips supply of most foods; in much of the country there are three meatless days a week. But there is no hunger, as party stalwarts are quick to point out. "We can always go back to bread and beans," says one proudly. For all the shortages, most Egyptians are far better off than they were a decade ago. The lack of such things as radio batteries is in a sense proof of this. After all, under Farouk, hardly any Egyptians even had radios.

Hoffmann von Fallersleben, a 19th century poet who wrote *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles* in 1841 as a rallying hymn against the oppressions of the 100-odd petty fiefdoms comprising what is now Germany. It was made the Weimar Republic's anthem in 1922, and after World War II, the first two stanzas, containing the phrase *Deutschland über Alles*, were dropped and the anthem was renamed *Deutschlandlied*.

hard sent another of his agents, C.D.U. Deputy Rudolf Werner, to Cairo to mollify Nasser. Presumably Werner told the Egyptians what German ambassadors all over the Middle East have been privately counseling the Arabs—that though the German envoys themselves will, of course, have to go home as the Arabs break with Bonn, the West Germans hope to keep their presence in the Middle East alive by turning their Arab embassies into consulates, keeping as many trade and cultural officials in place as the Arabs will allow.

CYPRUS

Ready to Explode Again

Since the retaliatory bombing by Turkey's air force last August, Cyprus has dropped out of the headlines, thanks to the United Nations peace-keeping force, which has kept an uneasy truce between the warring factions. But the potential for renewed violence has been building up all the time.

For one thing, an estimated 5,000 soldiers of the Greek regular army have filtered into the island and have been enrolled in the National Guard under the command of hard-bitten General George Grivas, who led the guerrilla war against the British back in the 1950s. His well-trained, 14,000-man force is now arrayed against some 12,000 Turkish Cypriots mostly armed with vintage rifles and shotguns.

Burled Name. But if Grivas has only a narrow edge in numbers, the edge in military hardware is about 20 to 1. The Turkish Cypriots own no

riot woodsman was killed near Kokkina. When there was a flurry of gunfire last week at Ambelikou, a tiny Turkish Cypriot village near the town of Lefka, Ankara responded with a roar of anger. A naval flotilla of 35 vessels normally based at Izmir put to sea bound for Iskenderun, just 100 miles from Cyprus. As Turkish Foreign Minister Hasan Isik postponed his scheduled visit to Pakistan, there were angry threats of another Turkish air strike or a naval bombardment or even an invasion.

The government of Cyprus' President, Archbishop Makarios, responded with counter threats. Makarios said there was no intention of attacking the Turkish Cypriot communities unless "we have to put these areas under full control so as to face the attack from the outside free from any internal distractions." Bellowed Grivas: "If the Turks dare to bombard Cyprus, the heaps of dead will not be Greek!" Grivas last week flew to Athens, and the rumor was that he was asking for a squadron of Greek jet fighters. In his absence, his National Guardsmen cleared a sizable area adjoining Nicosia airport, perhaps to give the jets a home.

Closed Ring. As they have built up their armament, the Greek Cypriots have been slowly closing the ring about the Turkish communities by cutting off supplies and setting up roadblocks. In theory, the Turkish Cypriots are at liberty to travel anywhere, but in practice it is difficult. At some roadblocks Turkish Cypriot truck drivers are stopped for tedious "searches," in which their cargoes of fruit or vegetables are unloaded on the ground and sometimes damaged beyond use. No gasoline is allowed into the Turkish quarter of Nicosia. A few Turks make a habit of driving back and forth to gas stations in the Greek sector, where they fill up their cars, then return to the Turkish quarter and siphon the gas into communal storage tanks.

The Turkish Cypriots are hardly blameless. On occasion they advance their lines by digging new trenches, thus prompting the Greeks to retaliate with new earthworks of their own, bringing both sides dangerously close together. Last January, heavy rains caused the collapse of part of Nicosia's 16th century battlements, exposing a 150-ft. tunnel built inside the wall that would have given the Turkish Cypriots a commanding position for firing across the so-called Green Line that divides Turks from Greeks.

Double Denouncing. The three-day gun fight at Ambelikou last week dramatized a new Greek Cypriot tactic. It began when the Turkish Cypriot villagers used a bulldozer to widen a ride hill path leading to Lefka, which is also Turkish-controlled. Any attempt to improve road communications or to move villagers to larger Turkish towns is met with force. The Makarios government argues that a concentration of the island's minority would play into Turkey's hands by giving Ankara a beach-



GRIVAS AT THE GREEN LINE
Jets from Greece?

head for invasion. The Turks protest that the Greeks want to keep Turkish Cypriots well scattered so they can be used as hostages in case of invasion.

As the pressures and counterpressures rise higher, the 6,000-man U.N. peace-keeping force rushes back and forth interposing its Scandinavian, Irish, Canadian, British and Austrian troops between the short-tempered opponents. In Manhattan, the U.N. Security Council voted to extend the life of the \$2,000,000-a-month peace-keeping force for another three months, until June 26.

At week's end Turkey's Premier Suat Hayri Urganli proposed bilateral talks on Cyprus with Greece because, as things are, "We are waiting in darkness, staring at each other, mumbling to ourselves. Big problems are not solved by monologues, only dialogues." Greece answered that it was ready to talk, but not bilaterally, and demanded that both nations labor to make a success of U.N. mediation.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Closer Than Ever to Hanoi

Now that riflemen's foxholes were dug and mortar positions neatly sandbagged, the 800 U.S. Marines on Hill 327 overlooking Danang airbase were chafing under guard duty and itching for action. Thus it was with considerable relief that the Marines got word that one company could move out to probe the nearby ridges and ravines. Cautiously the company fanned out in separate platoons to begin a 2½ day search for nesting Viet Cong. The first flush was not long in coming: that night one platoon startled some seven V.C.s, who took off running as the Marines fired after them, winging at least one.

By day or night, the leathernecks, newly arrived in a strange land, faced



ports and have to depend on relatively rare shipments by submarine from Turkey. To add to the ports they control, the Greek Cypriots have built a new one at Boghaz, north of Famagusta. Last month an Egyptian freighter with its name and homeport covered with burlap docked at Boghaz and unloaded five Soviet-made torpedo boats. Early this month 32 Soviet tanks arrived at Boghaz.

The widening arms gap has caused the Turkish Cypriots to complain loudly to Ankara, which in turn has protested violently to the United Nations and anyone else who will listen. And of late the sound of gunfire is being heard once again in the island's isolated villages. Early last month shooting resumed at Famagusta. On Feb. 19 a Turkish Cyp-

a knotty problem of identification: how to distinguish between the Viet Cong and the loyal South Vietnamese. When a large group of Vietnamese, carrying the caskets of 20 air-raid victims, approached the Marine defense zone around the base in a protest demonstration, confused Marine officers had to call in Vietnamese air-force police to help with the identification problem lest the marchers turned out to be V.C.s in disguise.

Pips & Cows. There were other reasons for confusion. In the darkness, every pip on the portable radar screens and every shadow under the periodic flares that burst over Hill 327 was suspect. One night a cow wandered innocently into range and was gunned down. Three Marines returning from a night patrol approached a sentry in the dark, and two were tragically killed when the nervous guard challenged and fired on them in a single, startled motion.

Marine General Karch makes no secret of the fact that he wants more men to add to the 3,500 Marines already around Danang. He has applied for another infantry battalion, and at least one squadron of Marine air cover not only for tactical infantry support in case of Viet Cong attack, but also for low-level bombing should the V.C. install long-range artillery. Lacking such additional firepower, Karch depends on the U.S. Seventh Fleet destroyer that cruises just off Danang ready to use its 5-in. guns as artillery support of the Marines.

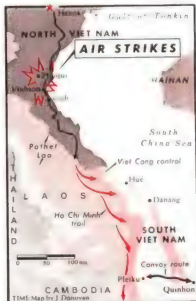
Ten Percent Down. Early last week from the Seventh Fleet's carriers 250 miles away, Phantom jets and Sky-raidiers whooshed into the air for yet another in the latest series of U.S. strikes at North Viet Nam. This time the target was closer than ever to North Viet Nam's capital. It was a vital Viet Cong ammunition depot near Phuqui, a bare 120 miles south of Hanoi. Because the ammunition caches were dispersed over an area a mile square, each plane was allotted a predetermined bunker or corrugated-iron building. Two hours later, as the Viet Cong were combing through the wreckage, another wave of Air Force F-100 and F-105 fighter bombers swept in over Phuqui to plaster the surprised V.C. again. Phuqui was the repository of 12% of all North Viet Nam's ammunition—and fully half of it was destroyed in the one-two punch, bringing to 10% the total of Viet Cong arms stores destroyed since U.S. retaliatory air strikes began last month. Ground fire against the raiders was minimal, because low-flying jets had swooped in ahead with napalm to burn out the enemy ack-ack.

Phuqui's devastation served another purpose as well. Much of its ammunition was earmarked for trucking into Laos to resupply North Vietnamese anti-aircraft guns guarding highways. The Viet Cong use the highways to run arms convoys from North Viet Nam through eastern Laos and thence toward South

Viet Nam infiltration points. The lack of anti-aircraft shells will make the route far more hazardous by opening it further to U.S. air strikes.

Digging In. Meanwhile the South Vietnamese were doing some new and welcome conveying of their own last week. Route 19, connecting the port of Quinhon with inland Pleiku, had been closed for a month because of the danger of ambush along its winding 100-mile course through the Viet Cong-infested countryside. But with troops, armored cars and overlying helicopters as escorts, a 168-vehicle convoy punched through to Pleiku with 300 tons of much-needed supplies. Two days later, a 77-truck convoy repeated the trip.

The Viet Cong's annual Hate American Day came last week, but except



for a grenade concealed in a loaf of bread that went off in a Saigon suburb, injuring four Americans, the Communists were notably quiet all week.

At week's end the U.S. Air Force and Navy combined for a two-wave strike at an ammunition depot at Phuvin and a supply staging area at Vinh. Nearly 120 planes from land and sea pounded the two targets with 750-lb. bombs, 20-mm. cannon and rockets. It was the third air strike above the 17th parallel in six days.

AFRICA

Revolutionaries Adrift

Africa's prophets of revolution have come on hard times. They once dreamed of bringing the whole continent under the leftist banner through subversion, sloganeering and bullying, but it is becoming apparent that a growing majority of moderate African states want no part of their plans. Only a fortnight ago, the Organization of African Unity, the league they had hoped

to dominate, rejected the radicals' demands for a hearing for the Congolese rebels, and last month a bloc of 13 former French colonies met in the Mauritanian capital of Nouakchott to give their official support to the legitimate Congo government of Moise Tshombe.

Last week four of the noisiest radicals—Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, Sékou Touré of Guinea, Algeria's Ben Bella and Mali's Modibo Keita—met in the dusty West African capital of Bamako for an emergency conference to see what could be done. Answer: not much.

Job 600. From the start the meeting was a scene of confusion and cross-purposes. It began without an agenda, ended without a communiqué. There was, in fact, barely any meeting at all. Ben Bella arrived late—only half an hour before Sékou Touré had to leave. And Nkrumah had been in Bamako less than five hours when he suddenly decided he had urgent business elsewhere and flew home. That left only Ben Bella and Keita, who could not leave because he was the host. They talked alone for two hours, and one of their subjects, presumably, was Mali's Tuareg nomads, who, with Ben Bella's support, recently staged an abortive rebellion against Keita. Next day, the two flew down to Conakry for another brief chat with Touré.

Nkrumah's main worry was a rebellion of another kind. To promote his sagging pretensions as Africa's leader, he has invited the heads of all African states to a giant pan-African summit conference in September—and is pouring more than \$4,000,000 into a project called "Job 600," a complex of halls and theaters being built in Accra to accommodate the conference. But his reputation for subversion has put him in such bad odor that many moderate Africans now threaten to boycott the summit.

Chorus of Critics. At Nouakchott, the former French bloc went out of its way to condemn "certain states, notably Ghana, which welcome subversive agents and organize training camps on their territories." Two of Nkrumah's neighbors accuse him of "interference in their internal affairs," a third recently captured a band of Nkrumah-trained guerrillas; and for the past five years little Togo has had all it could do to keep Nkrumah from annexing it. After a Nkrumah-sponsored student demonstration outside the Nigerian High Commission in Accra this month, the Prime Minister of Africa's most populous nation resolutely joined the chorus of critics.

"There is a certain madness in Ghana at present," Nigeria's Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa told a press conference last week. "We should not boycott the conference because of Ghana's puerile attitude but rather because it is difficult for the heads of state to meet in Accra, where the undesirable elements of their own countries are harbored by the Ghanaian government."



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THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Voting for a Ghost

From Argentina's subtropical north to the blustery Strait of Magellan, campaign banners straddled the streets and radios blared political slogans. Last week 10 million people went to the polls in what should have been a minor off-year congressional election. Only 99 of 192 seats were at stake in the Chamber of Deputies. But the election was far from routine, as Argentines demonstrated once more that the strongest force in Argentina's murky present is the ghost of its past: exiled Dictator Juan Domingo Perón, 69.

"We Are No. 1." It was all a little reminiscent of the 1962 elections under President Arturo Frondizi, when the

tier, "We have shown," said one Peronista leader, "that we are No. 1. The decision of the people is clear."

The decision seems to be that Illia's "government of reconciliation" is not enough for Argentina's restless citizens. Since taking office 17 months ago, Illia has allowed the debts, wages, prices and everything else to soar, while hoping that the basically rich wheat-and-beef economy would somehow work itself out of trouble. It has not, and many Argentines, searching for leadership, yearn for the days when *El Líder* was in power.

Not that Perón did much more than drive the country into economic ruin. Between 1946 and his downfall in 1955, Perón, assisted by his wife, Evita, lavished huge sums on industrialization

haughty view of the election. "The people," he told friends, "have shown a high degree of maturity in their vote."

The Argentine military seems content to let history take its course for the time being. "The problem," said one military man, "is to see how the government handles the Peronista problem between now and the 1967 elections." And if there are no changes by the 1967 elections? "Then," said the officer, "there could be a repetition of the Frondizi episode."

URUGUAY

Proposal for Leadership

For the last twelve years, Uruguay has been governed by a succession of nine-man National Councils, in which four members of the majority party take annual turns as the country's nominal President. When the presidency came around to Washington Beltrán, 51, a Blanco Party leader and onetime editor of Montevideo's daily *El País*, he went on TV with a drastic proposal: abolish the Swiss-style council and return posthaste to a single, strong President. Said Beltrán: "If the government is required to govern, it must be provided with the means to do so."

Indeed it must. As a staunch little island of welfare-statism since the late 1920s, Uruguay now has so many built-in giveaways (among them: full-pay retirement as early as age 55) that the Nebtaks-size wool-and-beef-producing country is on the brink of bankruptcy. The Council, which operates by majority vote, spends most of its time bickering. When it does make a decision, the effect is severely limited by autonomous state agencies that exert an enormous influence on the nation's economy. The state-owned power company can raise gas and electricity prices whenever it likes, as can the state railroad, airline, post office, and telephone service. In short, anything the Council might suggest to control Uruguay's galloping inflation (up 38% last year) can be undone by someone else.

Beltrán's proposal got a cool reception from Uruguayan politicians, who still believe that nine heads are better than one. Nevertheless, he intends to present his proposal as a referendum to Uruguay's 2,556,000 people in next year's election.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Nobody's Yes Man

Hearing that the visitor to her sun-baked village was the top man in the Dominican Republic, an old woman instinctively shouted, "*Viva el generalísimo!*" Donald Reid Cabral, 41, chief of the country's governing junta, turned

No kin to Pedro Beltrán, Peru's Prime Minister from 1959 to '61.



PERONISTAS WITH POSTERS OF 'EL LÍDER' & EVITA
The decision was clear, even if it decided nothing.

Peronistas won 35% of the vote, 44 seats and nine governorships. The difference was that in 1962 the Peronizing military ousted Frondizi and promptly annulled the elections. This time, the military felt safe in allowing the Peronistas to run. There were no governorships at stake, and the government was in no real jeopardy in Congress. Even so, the results caused considerable head spinning.

The Peronistas' Popular Union Party and other neo-Peronista parties again rolled up 35% of the popular vote, won 44 seats for a total of 52, even captured populous Buenos Aires province and the neighboring province of Córdoba, home of President Arturo Illia and a longtime stronghold of his People's Radicals party. Illia's party finished with only 27% of the vote and a total of 70 seats in the Chamber of Deputies.

and neglected the vital farm sector, created a vastly inefficient bureaucracy to produce full employment at the expense of the state treasury, and filled his own and his henchmen's pockets with graft. Successive governments have been trying to unscramble the mess and straighten out the Peronistas ever since.

High Maturity? Their efforts have only seemed to polarize Perón's following. From his exile in Spain, he promised to return to "save the people." Last December he made a ludicrously abortive attempt, was turned back in Rio. Today, most of Perón's top lieutenants privately concede the impossibility of *el retorno*. Perón is under tight restriction by the Spanish government, and he is aging. But he remains a symbol of strength in a country that lacks leadership. In Madrid last week he took a

and smiled wryly. "Madam," he replied, "I am not even a private."

On Donny Reid's troubled Caribbean island, that is saying something. Soldiers with machine guns ruled the Dominican Republic for 31 years under Dictator Rafael Trujillo. Even after his assassination in 1961, the military held the real power—partly out of habit, partly because there was no civilian strong enough to run the country. In 1963 the generals ousted President Juan Bosch in favor of a civilian triumvirate that was expected to serve as a front. To all intents and purposes, the civilian leadership has now been reduced to Donny Reid, and in the past 15 months he has proved to be nobody's yes man.

From Dealer to Driver. The son of a Scottish immigrant, Reid was a Santo Domingo auto dealer with no political following—which may explain why he got the job. Once in office, he decided that the time had come "to act, not talk," if anyone was going to save the country from economic ruin and another dictatorship. To get room to operate, he accepted resignations from the other members of the triumvirate, filled one vacancy with a friend, left the other unfilled. To keep any one general from assuming too much power for too long, he set up a rotating system for the top commands. Announced Reid: "I'm in the driver's seat."

Next, Reid put a crimp in a favorite military pastime: smuggling in goods for resale at a fat profit. Quietly and firmly, he saw to it that all returning planes and naval vessels were searched for contraband.

Many of the generals complained bitterly. But Reid had one tough soldier on his side—Brigadier General Elias Wessin y Wessin, 40, the army's tank commander, who holds the unorthodox notion that military men should stick to military pursuits. With Wessin y Wessin's backing, Reid pushed some officers into plush retirement, shipped others to overseas posts or out to the boonies. Reid himself took over as secretary of the armed forces and sprinkled the army staff with U.S.-trained officers.

Member in Good Standing. Donny Reid has also faced up to the economic problems. The Trujillos left the treasury badly depleted and the sugar-cane-based agriculture in chaos. Reid is carrying out an agrarian reform that, among other things, gives former Trujillo acreage to landless peasants, and is pushing a program to teach modern farming methods. He cut military spending, started a forest-conservation program, tax reform and a plan to build more schools, hospitals, low-cost houses and roads. Most important, he launched an austerity program to bring the nation's foreign spending into line with its income. The U.S. now considers the Dominican Republic a member in good standing of the *Alianza*, disbursed \$26 million last year to help finance Reid's recovery schemes.

When it was formed, the triumvirate pledged to hold a presidential election



DONNY REID

The triumvirate shrank.

within two years. The date is now set for Sept. 1, but it may be slipping. The austerity program, which means far fewer transistor radios, TV sets, autos and other luxury goods, is not popular with Dominicans, and politicians on all sides are campaigning against it. Reid maintains that he favors elections this year, but there is a chance that he will try to postpone them for a year or so until his economic measures begin to pay off—and perhaps convince a few more Dominicans that Donny Reid would make a good President himself.

DIPLOMACY

Cracking the Nest Eggs

The memorandum was signed by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and addressed to all U.S. embassy personnel overseas. Strictly taboo, forthwith, is that fine old tradition of turning a tidy buck by peddling the autos brought into their host countries duty-free under diplomatic immunity.

The order applies worldwide but hits hardest in Latin America, where prohibitive import duties sometimes quadruple the cost of a foreign-made auto. In Chile a 1965 Chevrolet Impala runs \$15,000; even a two- or three-year-old Chevy brings double the original price. The same more or less applies in Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Peru, and every diplomat—U.S. or otherwise—considers it part of the game to build up a nest egg by importing and reselling a car every two or three years. When he left his post last year, one ambassador put two cars on the market, one of them a Lincoln Continental; another departing embassy official unloaded a three-year-old Buick for \$11,000.

Latin American governments have not complained particularly about the sales—after all, that might not be diplomatic. But the U.S. is anxious to improve its image abroad. From now on all car sales become the responsibility of

the ambassador, and the difference between cost and market price will go to local charities or U.S.-sponsored activities—to be chosen by the ambassador. Moaned one staffer in the U.S. embassy in Buenos Aires last week: "The collective loss to the people in this room will be \$250,000. What's worse, we don't even get to choose the charity."

THE ALIANZA

At Last, a Partnership

On the fourth anniversary of the *Alianza para el Progreso* last week, the U.S. could report that its grand design is finally showing some substance. Since 1961, the U.S. has disbursed \$3.5 billion in aid and committed \$4.2 billion, in return for which Latin Americans are beginning to do the necessary, often difficult, things that will multiply the dollars. Items:

- ▶ Per capita income in Latin America rose an average 3% last year, compared with the *Alianza* goal of 2½% per year. In eight countries, per capita income climbed more than 4% for 1964.

- ▶ Gross national product rose steadily, and on a per capita basis last year more than half of the 19 *Alianza* nations exceeded the program's goal of a 2½% growth rate.

- ▶ Tax collections increased by 4% last year and finished 10% higher than 1961, as virtually every government reorganized its tax structures and collection systems. "Before the *Alianza*," says one Washington official, "many of the tax policies of Latin America hadn't changed since Cortez' time."

- ▶ Exports climbed to an estimated \$10 billion, a record volume almost 14% higher than 1961. At the same time, imports remained at about \$8.5 billion, as Latin Americans started developing industries at home instead of constantly looking abroad.

- ▶ Private U.S. investment, after some slow years, was flowing back into Latin America at such a rate that the overall total now stands at a record \$9 billion, for an increase of 7% since 1961. During the same period, private local investment rose almost 25%, reaching \$2.4 billion.

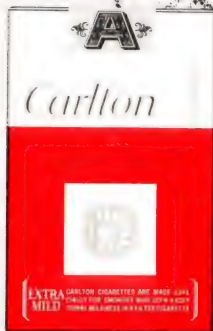
- ▶ Illiteracy declined from 50% of Lat. America's population in 1961 to 43% last year. In 1961, there were 160 universities in Latin America, with 520,000 students. By the end of 1964, the total was up to 196 universities and 680,000 students.

Concludes David Bell, director of the Agency for International Development, which supplies most of the *Alianza* funding: "It has taken two or three years for the Latin American governments and people involved to commit themselves and to understand that this was a partnership in which their own self-help measures were crucial for success. Now, they are finally establishing a true *Alianza* relationship."

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PEOPLE

She will finish Radcliffe in only three years, has written and produced a play called *A Slap in the Faith* at Harvard's Loeb Theater ("five acts of doggerel"), is planning to write for the movies and simultaneously "looking forward to being a wife and mother" when she marries a Harvard grad this June. But right now, says Banker David's daughter **Neva Goodwin Rockefeller**, 20, "I want to enjoy some of the things that go with the name before I stop being a Rockefeller." So for "a lark," she's accepted an invitation to be Queen of the Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival in Winchester, Va., next month.



NEVA ROCKEFELLER
Name-dropping in June.

And a name does seem to help down along the Shenandoah—last year's queen was **Luci Baines Johnson**.

French Existentialist **Jean-Paul Sartre**, 59, felt alone. According to a Gallup poll, 67% of the U.S. population supports the air strikes on North Viet Nam. Sartre is 100% against them. "When contradictory opinions have hardened, dialogue is no longer possible," he announced in Paris, canceling a three-week U.S. tour during which he was scheduled to lecture on "Ethics and History" at Cornell and at Manhattan's Y.M.H.A. Professor Jean-Jacques Demorest, Sartre's stood-up host at Cornell, was regretful but philosophical. "Sartre," said he, "is drawing more and more into abstract idealism. What he wants is not a dialogue, but a monologue that suits his own beliefs."

Though the cars of **Enzo Ferrari**, 67, aren't running off with all the money on the world's racing circuits this year, there is one 3000 coupé that is worth its weight in lira back home. For years Rome's Questura security cops found themselves choking on crooks' exhaust fumes in their put-putting Fiats. But now, *basta, banditti!* In its own garage on the Via Nazionale sits a shiny black Ferrari with bulletproof windshield, a

radio always tuned to headquarters, and enough notches in its tailpipe to frighten the Mafia. Last week it roared out to overhaul a crook in a Jaguar fleeing Rome with \$160,000 worth of paintings. Last month it ran Luciano D'Antoni, "king of the jailbreak," into a ditch and back to jail. Ace Police Driver Armando Spatafora has a chestful of medals for his daring sprints in the name of law, order and Ferrari.

You have to hand it to **Pierre Salinger**, 39—he's a quick study. During last fall's senatorial campaign in California, Pierre had some scathing things to say about actors like George Murphy being unqualified for politics. Ex-Senator Pierre has thought it over and, well, the movie is called *Do Not Disturb*, and he plays an American consul in Paris, and Doris Day is calling him from an antique shop where she's trapped. Pierre gets to say funny lines like "Influence! If I had any, I wouldn't be here." The scene takes only 47 seconds, but then Murphy had to start at the bottom too.

The maroon Rolls-Royce purred through the rainy evening to the London Clinic, and out stepped Britain's **Queen Elizabeth**, 38. She had come to end a 28-year estrangement between the royal family and the owner of a grey Rolls parked opposite: the **Duchess of Windsor**, 68. In a fourth-floor sitting room, the two women, both dressed in properly cheerful red, met by the chair of Edward, **Duke of Windsor**, 70, sitting up for the first time in three weeks after a series of eye operations. What was said in 25 minutes—at the first meeting since Edward abdicated his throne to marry the Manhattan divorcee—was "very private but very pleasant indeed." The Queen drove away laughing and talking gaily to an aide.

Dwight Eisenhower was "not fitted for the job" of President. Winston Churchill was "long-winded." Joseph Stalin an "old hasterd," and Douglas MacArthur "so important in his own mind he thought he was greater than the President of the United States." This is a TV commentator? Sure is. **Harry Truman**, 80, talking in his taped weekly TV series, *Decision: The Conflicts of Harry S. Truman*. That sort of thing so impressed the American Cinema Editors that they awarded him an "Eddie" as "the most outstanding television personality of 1964."

A grand old birdman won a handsome new set of wings last week. Pan American World Airways announced that **Charles A. Lindbergh**, 63, has been elected to sit on its board of directors after 36 years as a technical consultant. The lanky Lone Eagle went to work for Pan Am just two years after he soloed from New York to Paris, and in the years since, he has evaluated every Pan

Am plane from the lumbering Clipper seaplanes to the 1,500-m.p.h. Concorde with which the airline hopes to fly the Atlantic in 21 hours in 1970. Shy and painfully retiring as always, Lindy was nowhere to be found by the newsmen who wanted to talk to him, and the latest picture anyone could find was one taken in 1959.

Some of the guests at the London literary luncheon amused themselves by calculating that Oil Billionaires **J. Paul Getty**, 72, and **Nubar Gulbenkian**, 68, grew about \$20,000 richer in the hour they sat absorbing asparagus soufflé, boiled salmon and a monologue from their table partner, Actress **Hermione Gingold**. The party was to launch Gul-



GULBENKIAN & GETTY
Lubrication at lunch.

benkian's biography, *Pantaxia* (loose translation from the Greek: keeping people on their toes), which tells how he enlarged the fortune accumulated in Middle Eastern oil by his late father Calouste ("Mr. Five Per Cent") Gulbenkian. When the two finally got off nose to nose in a corner, did they discuss *Pantaxia* or Getty's *My Life and Fortunes*? "Lubrication," said Gulbenkian. "What else is there to talk about?" \$21,000, \$22,000.

That first famous hike was 50 miles, and this one will be only 2.6 miles—but practically straight up. Senator **Robert F. Kennedy**, 39, is taking off this week for the Yukon, where he will join in the assault on 13,900-ft. Mt. Kennedy, an icy spine named after the late President by the Canadian government and the highest unclimbed mountain in North America. The temperature is likely to be in the neighborhood of 30° below zero, and Bobby's previous mountaineering is confined to the sand dunes at Hyannis Port. But Jim Whittaker, 35, member of the National Geographic Society expedition and the first American to climb Mt. Everest, thinks the Senator will make it. In fact, says he, eyeing the political pious, "I would step aside and let Senator Kennedy lead us on to the top."



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MEDICINE

NEUROSURGERY

The Road Back

After a hard day on the set playing the part of a missionary doctor in Director John Ford's *Seven Women*, Patricia Neal, 39, went home to Pacific Palisades. She was helping her daughter Tessa, almost 8, with her bath when she collapsed with a blinding, disabling pain in her head. Her husband, British Short Story Writer Roald Dahl, knew that this was no ordinary headache. Ever since a 1960 Manhattan taxicab

catheter (a thin plastic tube) into her brain arteries through a needle in her neck. Pat had a third and more massive stroke. Only immediate surgery could save the actress, if anything could. Residents shaved Pat's skull, and Surgeon Carton sawed loose a trapdoor, 4 by 6 in., over the left temple. Guided by the X rays, Dr. Carton began removing the clots that had formed after the hemorrhages. The original break had been in the left carotid artery, where an aneurysm had ballooned out from a weak spot in the artery wall (evidently



PREGNANT PAT NEAL (1964)

Hope came out of the corner.

accident left their only son* Theo, 4½, with hydrocephalus (water on the brain). Dahl had been working with neurosurgeons on an improved valve to drain water from the boy's head. He had picked up enough medical knowledge to suspect that Pat might have had a stroke, and he knew just the kind of doctor to call.

Lead Apron. Within a half-hour, Neurosurgeon Charles Carton met the Dahls in the emergency room of the U.C.L.A. Hospital. There, though Pat was awake and aware on arrival, something worse happened. The 1963 Oscar winner (for her role in *Hud*) became speechless and paralyzed; then she slipped into unconsciousness. A spinal tap revealed blood in the fluid, showing that she had had a hemorrhagic stroke. To locate the site of the trouble, Pat was taken to the X-ray room, where six doctors went to work. She was pregnant, so a lead apron was placed over her abdomen to protect her unborn child from radiation.

As the surgeons were threading a

the result of an unexplainable weakness present since birth).

Dr. Carton removed the clot between the brain and its parchmentlike covering, the dura mater. Next he boldly cut into the left temporal lobe to remove another clot. In a right-handed person such as Pat, the left side of the brain controls not only movement on the right side of the body but also the speech center. Finally Surgeon Carton carefully lifted the temporal lobe, put metal clips on the aneurysm and sprayed on a plastic coating to reinforce the artery wall.

Tentative Coress. Pat Dahl remained in a coma for ten days, while Husband Roald kept a bedside vigil, gently squeezing her limp hand and repeating endlessly "Pat, this is Roald." It was more than a week before he got the merest squeeze of recognition in return. Pat was kept on a cortisone drug to minimize swelling in the brain, on another drug to help keep water from her brain tissues, and on antibiotics and anticonvulsants. She had to be fed intravenously and by stomach tube. It was still touch and go.

Three weeks ago Pat came out of

the coma, and hope came out of its corner. The air tube that led into her windpipe through a cut in her neck was removed, and retraining experts soon went to work. Speech therapists helped her in the difficult task of finding and forming words. Physiotherapists gently but determinedly raised and bent her right arm and leg.

Last week Pat finally went home. She could manage a few words and she could feed herself with her left hand. With her right she tried the first tentative caressing movements when baby Ophelia, ten months old, was put in her bed. She was already trying to learn to walk again. Her obstetrician thought there was a good chance that she would even fulfill her ambition of enlarging her family by carrying to term the baby which she intends to have delivered in England. At week's end though her speech was still limited, Pat Dahl was able to tell her husband proudly: "I can feel the baby moving."

CANCER

Smoking & the Bladder

The statistical fact that heavy cigarette smokers are more likely to die of lung cancer than are nonsmokers has been known for years, but no one has yet been able to pinpoint the process by which smoking exerts its lethal effect. That the death rate from cancer of the bladder is more than three times as high for smokers as for nonsmokers has been recognized more recently, and it has seemed even more difficult to explain. Yet, ironically, it is the hard to explain bladder cancers that have backed up statistics by yielding the first biochemical evidence that smoking is a cause of cancer.

Some chemicals once used in dye-making have been clearly shown to cause bladder cancer in both industrial workers and laboratory animals, and last week Dr. William K. Kerr of Toronto's famed Banting Institute reported that he had found similar cancer-causing chemicals in the urine of heavy smokers. The villain in the piece, reported Dr. Kerr and his colleagues at the University of Toronto, is a group called the ortho-aminophenols.

Dr. Kerr's team did 30 special tests on volunteers, some of whom normally smoked but quit for a while during the experiment, some of whom did not smoke but took it up for a while for the sake of science. The results were the same in both groups: men who were using cigarettes excreted in their urine abnormally large amounts of an ortho-aminophenol known to be capable of causing cancer. Going off cigarettes reversed the effect. The researchers' conclusion: inhaling smoke into the lungs, a practice that would seem to have no bearing on cancer of the bladder, is directly related to that disease through the complex chemistry of human metabolism.

* Eldest child Olivia died of measles two years ago.

rer, has been poking into all the city's grimy corners, digging up stories of the grim conditions with which most New Yorkers are all too familiar. Articles have appeared on blighted schools and hospitals; on urban renewal, which is administered so haphazardly that some people do not know from one day to the next whether they will be allowed to stay in their homes; on the long-debated Lower Manhattan Expressway, which has been hanging fire since 1941. "This series demonstrates," says Managing Editor Murray M. Weiss, "that the city has lost touch with the people."

The series has also stirred readers more than anything the paper has printed in years. As soon as the stories



EDITOR BELLOW & STAFF
Poking into grimy corners.

started, the Trib installed two extra telephones and practically pleaded with people to call in with complaints. For the first week and a half, the paper received more than 100 calls a day.

Calls are now down to 30 or 40 a day; letters come in at the rate of 50 a day. Many reader complaints, checked out by the staff, have grown into Trib stories, and under Trib needling the city administration has been moved to action. It has cleaned up sewage that had been accumulating for weeks in the basement of a city-owned building; towed away autos that had been abandoned for more than a month, clogging residential streets while they were gradually stripped of parts; stepped-up housing inspections of heatless, waterless slum buildings; installed a long-deferred central telephone to process housing complaints.

Spurred by the Trib, 70 of the city's and world's largest corporations recently set up an organization to fight the exodus of small industry from New York, Says I. D. Robbins, president of the City Club, a group of civic leaders:

"Bellows, Gottlieb, Metropolitan Editor Law enthol, Weiss.

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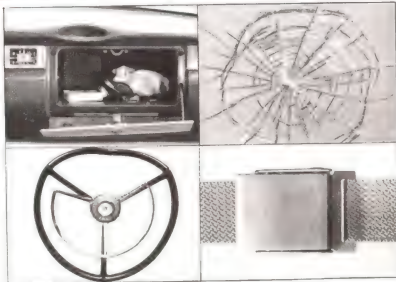
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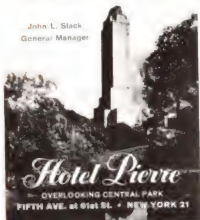
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TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF—YOUR
STRUGGLES, YOUR DREAMS, YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER

"Though not extraordinary detective work, the series has got the city up in arms. Sure, the Times ran an article now and then on bad conditions, but the Herald Tribune runs them bang-bang every day, and that's what does it."

Here to Stay. City officials grumble predictably that the Republican Trib is politically motivated, that it is trying to undermine Mayor Robert Wagner in an election year. But Managing Editor Weiss contends that the timing of the series is coincidental; last year the Trib ran an equally hard-hitting series on conflict-of-interest scandals in the Republican-controlled state legislature. "By definition," says Weiss, "we don't talk about the good things in such a series."

One of the mayor's aides told Grottehr: "We know as long as we don't answer back, you're eventually going to go away." But the Trib has no intention of going away. It plans to continue the series indefinitely, hopefully provide New York with the kind of sustained city coverage it sorely needs.

MAGAZINES

Sex & the Editor

February's *Cosmopolitan* made some disparaging remarks about an author named Helen Gurley Brown. "Despite her book, *Sex and the Office*, which equates the office affair with a gay lark," the article admonished, Mrs. Brown has the wrong slant. "Career girls who have been burned or who have seen their friends burned, offer one loud word of advice: 'Don't!'" Now Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* seems to have changed its mind. Last week Helen Gurley Brown, 43, was named editor.

The magazine is bubbling with enthusiasm over its new editor, even though she has had no editing experience: "She is the most exciting woman in the world," says Publisher Frank Dupuy Jr. In language reminiscent of an old Peter

Arno cartoon, a press release declares: "She has made an intensive study of the single girl's needs, hopes, problems and aspirations." Translation: She has written a whopping bestseller of a book.

Sex and the Single Girl, a collection of saucy tips on how to win and hold a man. On the strength of her success, Mrs. Brown has been turning out a thrice-weekly newspaper column besides writing a second book, *Sex and the Office*. And she has suffered a rash of improbable imitators: *Sex and the Single Man*, *Sex and the College Girl*, *Sex and the Single Cat*.

Sex and the Single Girl has outsold all its sister sex books because it talks hip. "It's not a study on how to get married," says Helen Brown, who married at a ripe 37, "but how to stay single in superlative style. How much safer to marry with the play out of his system and yours. It takes guts." Such words are calculated to allay the anxieties of the 14 million single women in the U.S., most of whom are perpetually nagged to get married.

Helen Brown hopes to attract these women to *Cosmopolitan* and shore up its declining circulation, now down to less than 800,000. But she has no intention of turning the rather bland magazine into something racy. "Sex," she says, "will not be dragged in by the heels; it will just be there naturally." Though her husband David once edited *Cosmopolitan* for a few years, Mrs. Brown would be the last to claim she is in competition with men. "Men hate loudmouth, show-off dames," she has written. But in case she should turn terminant under the pressures of her first executive job, she offers her employees an escape hatch. "If you happen to have drawn a female Tartar, young or old," she wrote in *Sex and the Office*, "I'd suggest you work as hard for her as you would for a dreamboat, and when you've had all you can take, move on to the next job."

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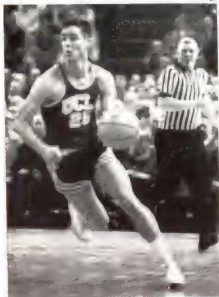
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SPORT



U.C.L.A.'S GOODRICH
A breeze for Bat.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

How the West Won

The season was over, and now the real battle began for the N.C.A.A. Championship. The teams came from all over: Michigan's No. 1-ranked Wolverines, biggest of the Big Ten, with Cazzie Russell and a squad that averaged 206 lbs. per man; U.C.L.A.'s No. 2-ranked Bruins, scoring 84 points a game with their superslick offense. There was Wichita, tops in the Missouri Valley Conference; No. 4 Providence, which lost only one game all season; and Princeton, with Bill Bradley, everybody's All-America, scorer of 2,326 points in a three-year career.

In short order, U.C.L.A. rolled over San Francisco to prove that it was the best in the West. Michigan paid its way to the N.C.A.A. finals in Portland, Ore., with an 87-85 victory over Vanderbilt. And out of the East roared the Tigers, embarrassing Providence 109-69. Fans began to wonder: Could Princeton go all the way?

No, not even with Bradley. In the semifinals, he pumped in four quick baskets to give Princeton an early lead. Then Michigan started driving against him on offense, provoking him into fouls. Switching from a tight man-to-man defense to a loose zone, Princeton fell apart. With 5 minutes left, Bradley fouled out—and Michigan ran away with the game, 93-76.

That left it up to Michigan and U.C.L.A., which romped over Wichita 108-89 in the other semifinal. It was a natural: height v. speed, strength v. finesse. Controlling the boards, feeding the ball to Cazzie Russell, the Wolverines jumped into a seven-point lead. U.C.L.A.'s answer was a full-court press, and the sound from then

on was the pitter-patter of quick feet. Six times Michigan lost the ball just trying to get it in bounds. At half-time, the scoreboard read U.C.L.A. 47, Michigan 34. Then the smallest Bruin of them all took charge.

Only 6 ft. 1 in., tousle-haired Gail Goodrich looks more like a pixie than a player. He shoots like Bat Masterson. By the time he sat down, three Michigan players had fouled out guarding him, and he had dropped in 42 points. The final score was 91-80, making U.C.L.A. the fifth team in history to win the national championship two years in a row.

Most of the teams that played in New York's National Invitation Tournament last week were there because they were not quite up to the N.C.A.A. play-offs. Not the two who met in the finals, Villanova, No. 8 in the nation, had whipped both Princeton and Providence; St. John's had beaten Michigan. St. John's also had incentive: Coach Joe Lapchick was retiring after 20 years, and a victory would give him a record four N.I.T. titles. The Redmen led from the start to win, 55-51.

GOLF

Two for Mr. Clean

Few people enjoy their work as much as Doug Sanders does. A lanky, handsome Georgian who fancies brilliant blazers with 14-karat gold buttons, Sanders, 31, is the contemporary good-time Charlie of the pro-golf tour. Faced with a tricky shot, he has been known to march up to the prettiest face in the gallery, flash his warmest smile, and whisper hoarsely: "What do you suggest?" And at night—well, his fellow pros don't call him "Daiquiri Doug" for nothing. "I've spilled more than Tony

Lema has swallowed," Sanders admits. "Einstein said you could get along on four hours of sleep a night. Practically all my life I've tried to prove you can do it on three."

The trouble with the night before is the morning after. His bankroll suffers most. In 1961 Doug won five tournaments, was the tour's No. 3 money winner with \$57,428. By last year his earnings had melted to \$34,474, and going into Florida's Pensacola Open two weeks ago, he had not won a tournament in 23 months. So Daiquiri Doug decided to reform. "I have quit drinking," he announced, "except when I have something to celebrate."

He had plenty last week: two victories in eight days. At Pensacola, he sank a 35-ft. birdie putt on the third hole of a sudden-death playoff to beat Jack Nicklaus for the \$10,000 winner's check. At the Doral Open in Miami, he fired a five-under-par 67 in the final round and picked up \$11,000 more. That boosted his official 1965 winnings to \$27,332, tops on the tour by \$11,000 over Billy Casper. Now there was an excuse for a party. "I climbed out of the Mr. Clean bottle on Sunday," says Doug. "But on Monday I jumped right back in."

He must have. By week's end he had tied Nicklaus for the top prize in the Jacksonville Open pro-amateur, picking up another \$462.50. And he did it all with the silliest swing in golf. Sanders stands stiff-legged, brings his club back such a short way that other pros say he "could swing in a telephone booth." With Jack Nicklaus still looking for his first victory of the year, Gary Player trying to commute from South Africa, and Arnie Palmer semiretired from the tour—he has played in only five of ten tournaments—Sanders sees no reason why he shouldn't Clean up.



SANDERS HOPING



SANDERS MISSING

An hour less than Einstein.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

The Coach

He was hardly recognizable as a big man in sport: no glad hand, no ulcer, no cliché slogans. He never drank or smoked or swore or saw the inside of a nightclub. He was married to the same woman for 69 years. He did not care about money, and he rarely had much: he contracted heriberi from living on soda crackers in college, never earned more than \$8,500 a year, never took a loan. He was precious, persnickety, sometimes naive. He refused to recruit players or give athletic scholarships. "I would rather lose every game than win one by unfair means," he said. Over the years Amos Alonzo Stagg won a fantastic 310 games—and invented just about everything there is to football today.

The son of a New Jersey cobbler, Stagg stood 5 ft. 6 in. tall and weighed barely 160 lbs. when he played end for Yale in 1889 and was named to Walter Camp's first All-America Team. But his real sport then was baseball. Playing both as an undergraduate and graduate student, Stagg pitched Yale to five straight Big Three championships, was offered \$4,500 to play for the New York Giants. He turned it down because ballparks had saloons in them and he was studying for the Presbyterian ministry. When a friend told him that he would never be a good public speaker, he decided to "trade the pulpit for the athletic field, and make the young men of America my ministry." In 1892 he took over as the University of Chicago's athletic director at a salary of \$2,500 a year, plus an associate-professorship—thus becoming the first coach ever to gain faculty status.

Sleepers & Statues. Football in those days was more like its ancestor, rugby. The forward pass was illegal, and the basic notion was the wedge—heads down, backs stiff, muscles tense, and push! Stagg made it fun to watch and infinitely more fun to play. He dreamed up the huddle, the direct pass from center, the shift, the man in motion, the unbalanced line, the inside kick, the delayed buck, the sleeper play, the Statue of Liberty. In 1906, the year the forward pass was legalized, he had 64 pass plays in his playbook—and Chicago lost only one game, to Minnesota, 4-2. He coached at Chicago for 41 years, fielded four unbeaten teams, and won six Big Ten titles.

He might have won more, if only his standards weren't so high. No member of the squad was allowed to drink or smoke; to break those rules was to beg instant dismissal. His strongest epithet was "jackass," or "double jackass" if he really got carried away, and he used it so often that a rival coach remarked: "By the end of a Chicago workout, there are no men playing—just jackasses grazing." Stagg's demands affected everyone. It was typical, one day in 1909, when he ordered officials to call back a Chicago touchdown because

the ballcarrier, unnoticed by them, had stepped out of bounds. "I would like to be thought of," he explained, "as an honest man." He was—so much so that he was twice asked to referee games in which his own team was playing.

Papa & Mama. Chicago tried to pension Stagg off in 1933; after all, he was five years past retirement age. Quit at 70? Not Stagg: he packed off to little College of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif., and started scheduling the likes of Notre Dame and Cal. "If you don't schedule the big fellow," he asked, "how can you ever expect to beat him?" In 1943 Pacific trounced U.C.L.A. 19-7, won seven games, and Stagg was elected Coach of the Year. Not bad for an 81-year-old. Then Pacific also retired him, and Lon Stagg joined Son Lonnie as co-coach at Pennsylvania's tiny Susquehanna University.

"Formally," says Alonzo Jr., now 65, "he was my assistant. Practically, he was in charge. To disagree with my father was like breaking with God." Then there was Mama Stagg, who took it upon herself to scout Susquehanna's opponents. Before a game with Dickinson College in 1947, Stella Stagg, 72, presented her husband with a 40-page scouting report. "By the way, Alonzo," she said, "you can get a pass receiver behind their left halfback. He's slow." Susquehanna won by one touchdown—on a pass over Dickinson's left half.

Then Stella fell ill. The Staggs moved back to California, where he coached the kickers at Stockton College until—at last—he decided to retire at 98. Two years ago, he attended his 100th birthday party and joked: "I may go on forever, because statistics show that few men die after the age of 100." But his blue eyes were clouding with cataracts, and he suffered the tremors of Parkinsonism. Last year his wife died. By then, he was in a Stockton nursing home, and there last week, at 102, Amos Alonzo Stagg died in his sleep.



KILLY AT VAIL
A double in powder.

SKIING

On Their Own Snow

Obviously, there is no home-court advantage in skiing. At last week's American International ski meet at Vail, Colo., competing on a mountain they had never seen before, the Austrians and French proved once again that they are more than a match for the best skiers the U.S. can produce.

It wasn't supposed to work out that way. At the 1964 Winter Olympics, the U.S. scored a major breakthrough when Billy Kidd and Jimmy Heuga placed two-three in the special slalom and Jean Saubert won two medals by herself. This winter, instead of competing in Europe, the Americans stayed home to acclimate themselves to the Rockies' 11,000-ft. altitude, and practice on Vail's dry, powdery snow—quite unlike the hard-packed Alpine surfaces. "The French and Austrians ski all the time," explained a U.S. ski official, "but our boys and girls are building up for this one race."

In the downhill, while U.S. skiers soared birdlike off the bumps, provoking "ahs" from fans (and losing time), the Austrians kept their skis in the snow. Heini Messner, an auto mechanic from Gries am Brenner, won the race—with three other Austrians and a Frenchman strung out behind. The star of the meet was France's Jean Claude Killy, 21, who showed why he is the best slalom skier in the world: cutting the gates so close that his sweater brushed the poles. Killy won both the special slalom and the giant slalom. The best the U.S. could do was third in the special, fourth in the giant. It was left to Jean Saubert to salvage a shred of honor—a tie for first with France's Marielle Goitschel in the women's giant slalom. Sighed U.S. Coach Bob Beattie: "We've worked hard, and we've progressed. But not enough."



STAGG WITH C.O.P. TEAM
A shepherd among jackasses.

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

Out of the Slough

The team was back victorious, and Oregon was incredulous. Old' Portland State had won not the Class D basketball crown or the Yukon curling final but television's G.E. College Bowl quiz, breaking all records and mopping up \$10,500 in scholarships. With snap-snap-snap aplomb, the team had proved that it knew the word that means both monk and monkey (Capuchin), the doctor who pioneered the use of carbolic acid (Joseph Lister), the play that opens on the setting of the palace of Theseus in Athens (*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*), and 200 other facts.

Flunk-Out School. But what in tunket is Portland State College? Few people outside Oregon had heard about the college until the five straight victories on TV; and few people in Oregon who had heard of it had anything good to say about it. Students who flunked out of the University of Oregon and Oregon State University have often been told, condescendingly, to make a second try at Portland State. "A lot of people still think of us as the flunk-out school," admits an associate professor.

Portland State is indeed a modest place. It was started in 1946 as an extension division of the state's higher education system to handle returning veterans who could not get into the established universities. Its site was Vamport, the sprawling federal housing development built for wartime workers on low marshland near the Columbia River. "The U by the slough," it was called. Two years later, the campus was washed into the river by a flood; only the students and 92 books were salvaged. Classes were temporarily housed in the abandoned downtown Portland administration buildings of the Oregon shipyards. In 1952 the school moved into a former Portland high school building,

and now it has four major new buildings of its own. Enrollment has increased to 7,500 students.

Unhappy Distinction. All the while, Portland State has been gaining in academic quality, much to the credit of President Branford P. Millar, 51, and his deep belief in the urban college as "the fastest growing segment of higher education." The parents of most Portland State students never went to college. But, says Millar, they and their children understand the fundamental fact of the times: "This is the generation that is going to have to live on its brains." The corollary of this concept, he believes, is the American philosophical commitment to democracy. "Higher education must be available to all who can profit from it," says Millar. Portland State pushes that goal by keeping tuition down to \$110 a semester.

Portland is probably the biggest U.S. city (metropolitan area population: 860,000) without a graduate-studies center, but that unhappy distinction is ending. In recognition of Portland State's rising academic standards, the Oregon Board of Higher Education gave the school the right to confer graduate liberal arts degrees. Currently the legislature is considering setting up a new state-supported graduate school. Now that the school's quiz kids have proved so bright, the chances are that Portland State will get the nod.

TEACHING

The Use & Abuse of the Cept

- Q. What is a cept?
A. A cept is the smallest convenient unit of knowledge.
Q. Give an example of a cept.
A. I just did.

In their pursuit of academic excellence, the better liberal-arts teachers insist that their students read the original writings of the world's great thinkers

and then take essay tests for comprehension of ideas rather than multiple-choice quizzes for recall of facts. This strains both the study time of the student and the grading time of the teacher—but neither has ever been shy about seeking short cuts. And, sometimes openly, sometimes secretly, a short-cut device known as the "cept" is creeping across U.S. college campuses.

The term springs from the widespread use of the cept at Princeton University, which boasts of the small, conversational classes that it calls "precepts." The cept is jokingly defined as "half a concept"—meaning that it is more than a fact but less than a philosophy, more than an epigram but less than an axiom, more than a thesis but less than a synthesis. The Princeton student has it made if he can spot these prized nuggets in rapid reading or sporadic attendance at lectures, spin them out glibly during a precept and, above all, weave them dazzlingly into an exam essay.

Handy Grading. To the cept-savvy student, cepts leap right out of the pages. In a politics course, he would readily note as a cept, "Revolutions are caused by rising expectations"; in philosophy, "To be is to perceive to be perceived"; in economics, "Calvinism caused capitalism"; in religion, "Capitalism caused Calvinism."

Some professors openly encourage ceptsmanship, stress the cept in their lectures, argue that students who retain the cepts acquire an understanding that goes beyond a rote knowledge of who said what. These teachers may also delight in the cept as a handy way of rating the quality of a student's essay in quantitative terms. They merely scan the essay, underline the cepts, assign a numerical value to each, and tot them up. Other teachers never admit they are even aware of cepts—but tacitly use them anyway in grading. Superlative ceptsmanship amounts to a canny duel between teacher and student.

The leading expert on cepts is Prince-



PORTLAND STATE CAMPUS

They broke all records, snap-snap-snap! But who in tunket are they?



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STUDENT TENNER

More than a thesis, less than a synthesis.

ton Senior Ed Tenner, a Phi Beta Kappa who devised the "smallest convenient unit of knowledge" definition. He reports, after much research, that Princeton courses average, per lecture, 8.8 cepts in philosophy, 5.2 in American history, 4.6 in literature, a mere 1.5 in art. A student may emerge from a course with as many as 250 cepts in his notebook. Hopefully, a few rare "kilo-cepts" and "multicepts"—cepts so basic they can be applied in many courses and to almost any historical period—may turn up among them, although Tenner has been able to identify only 17 kilocepts during his four years at Princeton. Examples: "A determinist creed induces not fatalism, but the will to assist in the accomplishment of some irresistible destiny"; "Obscure third-rate thinkers are historically more important than great thinkers."

Superficial Felicity. The student who can sprinkle some real comprehension over his cepts has an unbeatable essay. The difficulty with this is that it requires the student to read rather than browse through the assigned books, and to attend lectures rather than crib the cept notes of a conscientious friend. And doing all of the assigned work leads to a dangerous temptation: the student may answer an exam question with original thoughts, not cepts. To the cept-conscious prof, this is evidence that the student is trying to cover up his loafing and his failure to learn his cepts.

Princeton's philosophy department recently was concerned enough about the potential evils of ceptsmanship to hold a meeting on how to stop its spread. And even Cepsman Tenner, when not in a whimsical mood, gets a bit worried: "The ceptsman too often thinks he knows more than he does because of his superficial felicity. We may be getting a generation of illiberal liberal-arts majors who think of ideas as symbols to be manipulated rather than as important issues to be serious about."

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SHOW BUSINESS

ACTORS

That Wonderful What's-His-Name

Playwright Neil Simon (*Barefoot in the Park*) was at a cocktail party two years ago when he spotted just the guy he had been looking for. He walked over and announced: "You're gonna be in my next play." "Who are you?" replied Walter Matthau. Coming from Matthau, those were brave words. Usually it's the other way round.

No one knows Walter Matthau. Oh, the name (properly pronounced, it's



MATTHAU AT HOME
Too perfect to remember.

Math-ow) may sound familiar, but, despite 21 movies, 21 Broadway plays and 158 TV shows, it is mostly just something dimly recalled from the grey of the co-credits. But no more. Because Playwright Neil Simon knew him, admired his work, and wrote the role specifically for him, Matthau, 44, is now starring in Broadway's new smash comedy, *The Odd Couple* (TIME, March 19), and he is so belly-achingly funny as a loutish sportswriter that no one will ever forget him again.

Sardonic or Phrase-Chomping. On second thought, they probably will. It's just that they shouldn't. "The problem," as Matthau accurately puts it, "is that I'm too good." Each of his character creations has a fine-tuned completeness that leaves no room for Matthau the personality to peek through. A gimmick, a trademark, an image, Matthau does not have. "People either ask me, 'Are you a television actor?' or else, 'Are you from Erie, Pa.'"

Playwright Simon sasses Matthau is "the greatest instinctive actor I've ever seen." He has turned in impeccable, widely varied performances as a sardonic sheriff in *Lonely Are the Brave*, a show-stopping jealous Hungarian hus-

band in *Goodbye Charlie*, the heavy in *Charade*, and a phrase-chomping gangster in *Who's Got the Action*, and he picked up a 1962 Tony Award as Broadway's best supporting actor for his haughty portrayal of a French aristocrat in *A Shot in the Dark*. But until *Odd Couple*, the lead role had always escaped him. Instead, he has done everything else, maybe, as Matthau says, "because I don't look like an actor. I could be anyone from a toilet attendant to a business executive."

After 15 Lbs. In 1946 the horn-bred New Yorker chose acting as "the easiest thing to do on the G.I. Bill." Besides, the Dramatic Workshop was then near Madison Square Garden, and "I didn't want to miss too many events." At the moment, having lost 15 lbs. bringing in *Odd Couple*, Matthau considers acting "the hardest job known to mankind," and he works and worries his craft to unusual perfection.

But in the *Odd Couple* part of the tough, sprawling sportswriter, Matthau for once has a role that, without strain, fits him like an old pair of pants. In fact, he wears a pair of his own on stage, marvelously purple dungarees that cost him 12¢ in Chinatown. Like Oscar in the play, Matthau is a natural-born lounge, poker fan and sports buff. He is just the sort who would spray beer as he opened a can, and when he did it onstage one night accidentally, it was quickly incorporated into the play. When he felt that one of the lines for Art Carney, who plays opposite him, was out of character and in bad taste, he kept dinning away at Simon, finally, while the show was on the road, wrote a letter (signed with a pseudonym) to get it taken out.

Not that Matthau always gets his way. One of his ideas is to exchange roles, play the part of the puttering fussy husband "because it would be more of a challenge," and let Carney roar through the role of Oscar. But with a hit, it might be dangerous to switch. Matthau has by now become the perfect Oscar, and besides it would only start the trouble all over again: Who was that wonderful what's-his-name who was on first?

TELEVISION

The Habit

Across the U.S., college students faced exams or major papers before the spring-vacation break. And, as one Harvard man pointed out, "the more work a guy has, the harder he finds it to keep his hands off the dial." It puts a strain on the hard-core television watchers, the guys with "the habit," because the uninitiated are surging in for a tension break and the seats in front of the sets, private and public, are at more of a premium.

It was that way at Stanford. Hulla-

baloo was coming on, and a hush spread momentarily over the jam-packed tube room in the Delta Upsilon house. Then the rock-'n'-roll show started blasting out the top pop tunes while the TV screen filled up with frenzied Hullahaloos twisting and shouting. "There she is," shouted a D.U., spotting a favorite blonde dancer. "Go, beast, go!" Most of the comments were in the same vein: sexual fascinations mingled with snobbish derision. For students never watch in silence: half the fun is letting go: "Get her name—she's terrible." "God, my eyes are crossing."

Longest Logger. During most of the year, the boob tube is left to what Princeton calls "the viz squad." At the University of North Carolina they are "tubeholics," at Ohio State "TV majors." But the pros by any other name are still the pros, and they log daily hours in front of TV that would make a union man scream for overtime pay.

The leading contender for academe's top tubeman is the University of Texas' Saleh Abdulrahman Athel, a student from Saudi Arabia who started watching to learn English, then just stayed and stayed and stayed. Now, on his Magnavox portable he soaks up eleven hours a day. "Everything's fine with TV," he beams, "except the blasted commercials." He's not exactly sure of the time he spends studying. "It's regulated by the day's TV schedule," he offhands. Allowing about ten hours a day for sleep and classes, it can't be much, but it is enough. Despite TV, Saleh ranks as the university's top mechanical engineering student.

Big on Bugs. He is not the only addict with unadged grey matter. Near Georgia Tech, a drive-in-eatery called



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The Varsity draws the most viewers with its four tube rooms equipped with desk-armed chairs to encourage eating. And the type The Varsity mostly draws? "It's the fat boy who's a real brain; he's there all the time," says one senior. Of course, as a University of Minnesotan sniffs, TV is also "for the 'C-C-ers' and down. The rest are too busy with the hooks to be socked down before the one-eyed god." Actually, TV is for any grade level.

They tune in to watch *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* ("such good evil," says a North Carolina viewer), *The Rogues* ("the best flick on the eve"), *The Fugitive* ("Fuge" to friends), *Shindig* or *Hullabaloo* ("the horny hours"), and horror shows (called "ghost spoofs" at Harvard to distinguish them from wild parties). One Rad-Cliffie is the head of a Bullwinkle the Moose fan club, and at Stanford, "Bugs Bunny really causes a lot of comment—there's a lot to say about Bugs Bunny."

Girls tend to watch less than their boy friends. "Even on the night we became engaged," moans a Texas coed, "my fiancé wouldn't come over for our date until *Combat* was over." But when they do watch in curlers and bathrobes that neatly match the underwear and sweatshirts being worn across the way in the frats, they watch *Dr. Kildare* and that "cute" David Janssen on *Fuge*. Vassar hard-core viewers categorically refuse to bring outsiders up to date on *Peyton Place*. And at most women's colleges, a few devotees check every lunch hour for the soap operas, no doubt preparing for life as a housewife.

Scoping It In. In coed climes there is some mixed viewing, but "most of the comments preclude having a date," says a Stanford Sigma Chi. Watching "all those fine young boys sway" just seems more comfortable stag. And of course the boys like to "scope in the sports real deep," a time when any self-respecting female would prefer doing almost anything else.

As for public-affairs programming, Huntley-Brinkley or Walter Cronkite both get a slight nod. Lyndon Johnson fares worse. At Princeton last week, they stayed after *U.N.C.L.E.* to watch his civil rights address but spent most of the time groaning in pseudo-sophistication at his "pseudo-folksiness." At the University of Chicago, they didn't even wait. No sooner was the presidential seal on screen than the seats started emptying.

For the most part, tube watchers are uneasy and evasive when asked why they stay hooked. "I just wanted to punt," some will admit. More often it's "Why shouldn't I? Besides, it hurts my eyes to read Kant." And among addicts there is a lot of self-hate. When the final "thought for today" has been fired off, the Star Spangled Banner has yet waved, and only fuzz fills the screen, there is little jubilation. It is usually more like it was at Harvard the other night. "Well, another day shot to shingles."

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THE THEATER

The Rape of the Sabine Men

The Day the Whores Came Out to Play Tennis is a surrealistic love set Arthur Kopit 6, Drama 0. Flashy and cute rather than craftsmanlike, Playwright Kopit lobs up pseudo profundities that he avoided in his fanciful *Oh Dad, Poor Dad* romp. The dramatic penury of the current play may be suggested by the fact that it relies for its climax on an offstage sound effect of prepubescent outhouse humor.

Five members of a Jewish country club sit in the clubhouse nursery querulously debating how to get rid of 18 unseen prostitutes who have infiltrated the tennis courts. It becomes apparent



HOLLAND (RIGHT) DISGORING BALL
lotas of noncosmic fun.

that the members are either vulgar or epicene, and need a supercilious, tuxedo-skinned British barman to insult and be insulted by. The two sons present would like the two fathers present to drop dead. When the girls express their contempt by simultaneously breaking wind and then pelt the place with tennis balls, plaster spills, roof beams totter, and it becomes clear that Kopit is one of the cosmic jokesmiths who want playgoers to read books of revelation between the wisecracks. What *Tennis* may portend is that self-contained worlds, either private clubs or entire civilizations, invite and perhaps deserve destruction. Nevertheless, the play is more like the rape of the Sabine men, that stock modern American stage theme in which weak men are ravished and ravaged by strong women.

At random moments when Kopit tosses his thinking cap away for vaudeville, the play generates lotas of fun. One such moment of visual glee is the sight of gifted Second City Alumnus Anthony Holland apocryphically dis-



Newly manufactured combines frame Robert L. Skellett (left), Insurance Manager of Deere & Company and William C. Zeigel, Employers Mutuals representative, during a recent plant tour discussion of Deere & Company's many faceted insurance program.

Wausau Story

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gorging a tennis ball that has lodged between his teeth.

Tennis is preceded by an opaque little fable called *Sing to Me Through Open Windows*. It is done in the key of flat.

Valse Triste

Do I Hear a Waltz?, a musical adaptation of Arthur Laurents' 1952 play. *The Time of the Cuckoo*, is a victim of jets and jet-set moral obsolescence. It is not old enough to be nostalgic and not new enough to ring true. It asks playgoers to believe that a thirtyish Madison Avenue copywriter (Elizabeth Allen) is making her first gaga-eyed trip to Venice. And it compounds disbelief by imagining this girl to be psychologically numb-struck and emotionally unhinged upon discovering that her Italian vacation lover (Sergio Franchi) is married. She cries when the curtain goes up, and she cries when the curtain goes down, and there is plenty to be sad about in between.

The score is at war with itself. Stephen Sondheim's lyrics are brain-dry and sometimes brain-shy; Richard Rodgers' music is moon-washed, and sometimes soggy than the Grand Canal. The choreography is either a slight or an oversight. In *Waltz*, company loves misery. The unhappy lovers consort with tour-tizzled Babbits and an expatriate couple whose marriage is sinking considerably faster than Venice.

Girl copywriters had better bank the price of admission, save up plane fare, and go see Angkor Wat.

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Must There Always Be A Red Brick England?

Billy Liar. Perhaps this drama should have a composite title such as *The Sporting Life of the Long-Distance Runner who All in Good Time found a Taste of Honey in an L-Shaped Room at the Top on Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. More than familiar to U.S. film and playgoers nowadays is middle-class, industrial England: the rows on rows of red brick prison houses, the suffocating parochialism, the intellectual sterility, the emotional desiccation, the measuring out of life in tepid teacups, the apotheosis of fornication as the only salvation. The milieu has become predictable and precariously close to a bore. One knows not only what one will meet in such a house but who the residents will be. The father will be a petty tyrant who punctuates every sentence with the word bloody. The mother will be a crushed drab who never lets anyone forget the burdens she bears. Flaying the family along with the food. The son will be bright, rebellious, impudent and frustrated. The girl will be prematurely pregnant.

This off-Broadway production contains a royal crock of a grandmother, acted with curmudgeonly perfection by Ethel Griffies. Miss Griffies will be 87 next month. She seems considerably younger than the play.

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THE LAW

COURTS

Lest the World Forget

Judicial reform in New Hampshire has done away with the state's many little municipal courts. But Amherst Justice Charles L. Lincoln was worried lest the world forget the drama that took place in his courtroom. Thus, the highlights of 14 years are immortalized in his final report to the town (pop. 2,051).

"At various times," the judge recalls, "the court has witnessed the collapse of a chair under the weight of a state trooper," while "the justice got the zipper on his gown caught in his tie and sat out an entire session thus involved, with the tie hanging out like the tongue of a Saint Bernard." The court, of course, had some serious cases, not the least of which involved a woman who complained violently about speeding on Mount Vernon Road. When state troopers finally set up a roadblock, "the lady who made all the fuss was herself picked up for unreasonable speed driving to the post office, and to crown the lily, was picked up 15 minutes later on her return trip. She has since left town."

Amherst's judicial landmark was a famous conflict-of-laws case involving a chicken house that happened to straddle the Amherst-Milford town line. When some prowling animal frightened the chickens on the first floor, "they ran from the Milford end to the Amherst end of the house and proceeded to expire there in great numbers. The fracas caused by this activity frightened the chickens on the second floor of the chicken house, and they ran to the Milford end of the chicken house where they in turn undertook to die in equally vast numbers."

Who was liable for damages? "The Town of Milford took the position that the first-floor hens died in Amherst, the damage was therefore done there, so Amherst should pay. Amherst took the position that the fuss started in the Milford end and, anyway, the second-floor chickens, though they started their flight in Amherst, nevertheless died in the Milford end, and therefore Milford should pay."

In the end, no one paid. Blame was laid to "some extraneous element like a skunk or a fox tax taxpayer in neither town) rather than a dog, and as far as your justices know, the matter is still 'under advisement.'" So is just about everything else. "Nobody knows what to do with the pile of old complaints and warrants accumulated over 14 years, and nobody has the courage to throw them away." They will doubtless endure for the delight of "some archaeologist digging in the remains of Amherst." As for himself, says Justice Lincoln, it feels great to be "relieved of the necessity of maintaining the judicial demeanor."

JUDGES

Remedy for Unfitness

Illness, or age, or simple inertia may leave him unqualified for his job, but the judge who deals daily with the lives, liberty and property of people forced to come before him may have been appointed for life. If so, he can be fired only for gross misconduct. If he has been elected, it usually takes some sort of major scandal to unseat him. Is there no other way by which the honest but unfit judge can be removed from the bench when necessary?

The federal judiciary has no answer short of impeachment—a tactic successfully used only four times since 1789.



CALIFORNIA'S GIBSON
"Please comment."

Yet senile, lifetime judges have plagued even the Supreme Court. In the 1920s the failing Justice Joseph McKenna once wrote an opinion stating the exact opposite of what all nine Justices, including himself, had voted to say. As for state courts, there have been many efforts to let bar groups monitor unfit judges and recommend removal. But what lawyer wants to bring charges against the very judge who may hear his next case?

Quiet Persuasion. Now California is trying a widely admired device that may solve the problem. The idea began taking shape in the early 1950s when a murder trial was interrupted for four days because the judge vanished on an alcoholic binge. Indignantly, California's now retired Chief Justice Phil S. Gibson spurred a bar-bench study that turned up a surprising number of shocking statistics. Of five judges in one county, four had been absent for as long as a year because of ill health. Despite mounting case loads, other judges thought nothing of taking three-month vacations and playing golf during court

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hours. Others needed psychiatric care; many were just plain aged.

Chief Justice Gibson pressed for a state constitutional amendment that would give the California Supreme Court full power to remove unfit judges at every level, including its own. The state legislature and California voters overwhelmingly approved such an amendment in 1960. The bench-dominated body that has been set up to do the high court's investigating work is a nine-member Commission on Judicial Qualifications—five judges, two lawyers and two laymen. The commission operates out of San Francisco under Executive Secretary Jack E. Frankel, an able, tactful lawyer of 40.

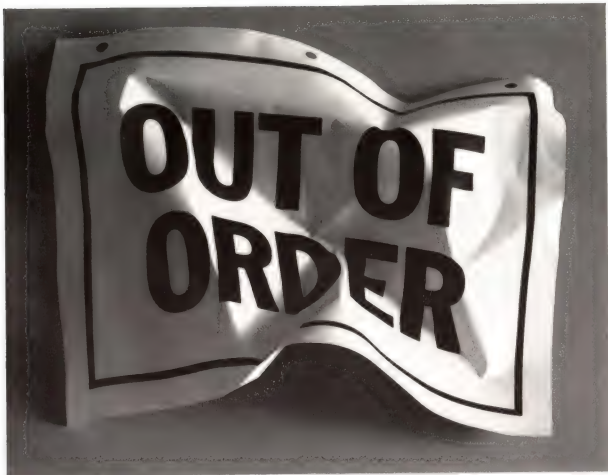
Gripes about judges may come to Frankel from any private citizen, though meaningful complaints generally come from other judges, lawyers and grand juries. To safeguard the traditional independence of the judiciary, Frankel focuses only on alleged disability and misconduct—for example, senility, public alcoholism or persistent discourtesy. The commission has the power to subpoena medical records, order medical examinations. Once the commission is convinced that a complaint has merit, Secretary Frankel simply sends the judge a registered letter outlining the charges and adds a polite request: "Please comment."

Quiet Resignation. Some judges immediately blast back that personal enemies are out to "persecute" them. But most recognize that resignation is preferable to the alternative: a commission hearing and public review by the State Supreme Court. So far, the commission has received 344 formal complaints, found 118 worth investigating, and produced 26 actual resignations. All of the departed judges quit with no publicity whatever. Only one judge under investigation (for berating prosecutors) has ever availed himself of Supreme Court review. He won his case and stayed on the bench.

California is also fostering judicial fitness by new benefits that encourage judges to retire at 70. If he quits after 20 years on the job, a California judge goes on receiving 75% of his pay for life. If he fails to retire at 70, the pension drops to 50%. In 1959 California had about 80 judges aged 70 or over. Now it has only six.

So successful is California's system that similar legislation is pending in Colorado, Florida, Kansas, New Mexico, Ohio, Oklahoma and Texas. The American Bar Association is pondering endorsement of the idea that California-style discipline should extend to federal courts as well. Congress might very well balk and there might be constitutional problems,⁶ but aid in the maintenance of U.S. judicial fitness deserves serious consideration.

⁶ Such as the fact that Article 3 says flatly that federal judges "shall hold their offices during good behavior."



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Return of the Prodigal Daughter

He snapped: "The Metropolitan is grateful that the association is ended." She spat: "Prussian tactics!" And six years passed. Finally, last June, at the instigation of mutual friends, the Metropolitan Opera's Rudolf Bing went a-courting in Paris. This time he said pretty please, and she said yes, and they made a date.

In Manhattan, news of Maria Callas' return—for two performances only—threw opera lovers into agonies of anticipation. As opening night drew near, scalpers were commanding up to \$800 for tickets. Bleary-eyed fans lined up and slept on the sidewalks outside the Met for three days to snap up 448 standing-room tickets. The buildup, and one of the most glittering audiences in memory, demanded a triumphal evening. Callas, singing the role of Tosca, made it so, not with her voice, but with every last ounce of her siren skill.

Supercharged. At the first offstage sound of her voice calling for her paramour, "Mario! Mario!", a wave of expectant murmuring swept the galleries. Then she swirled onstage and the audience erupted in a three-minute ovation. The prodigal daughter had returned.

Tosca is a jealous lover, and Callas played the part with pantherish intensity, purring innocently one moment, spitting hellfire the next. In the second-act encounter with the lecherous police chief Scarpia, splendidly portrayed by Baritone Tito Gobbi, Callas was at her supercharged best. When the soldiers carried off her Mario, they nearly buckled under her pummeling. She lurched desperately about the stage fending off Scarpia's advances, then in a violent flash drove a knife into his heart. Callas

and Gobbi treated the Met to one of the best-acted performances it has seen in many a year.

Controlling an Animal. But *Tosca* is not a play; the singing's the thing. And even Callas could not make it otherwise. Never an instrument of luscious quality, her soprano last week was a thin and often wobbly echo of the voice that fled the Met in 1958. Her high notes were shrill and achingly insecure, and seemed all the more so by contrast with the rich, ringing tenor of Franco Corelli as Mario. In the poignant *Vissi d'Arte* aria, Callas relied almost wholly on dramatic rather than vocal brilliance to carry her through—which, in her case, is admittedly a compelling compromise. The audience certainly thought so. At the curtain, a shower of roses and confetti rained down from the galleries, and the house bravoed on for half an hour of curtain calls.

Shaken by her 1959 separation from her husband, Industrialist Giovanni Meneghini, Callas admits to having had a real "vocal crisis" a few years ago. Now 41, she explains: "My biggest mistake was trying to intellectualize my voice. I tried to control an animal instinct instead of leaving it as it was. I set me back years. Professionally, the world of Maria Callas has become a lonely world of a woman looking for her voice."

Whether it will ever return in full flower is a matter of conjecture. Meanwhile, Callas remains indisputably the most exciting operatic presence of her generation. Asked afterward how she thought her performance went, she could only say: "You find a word. I can't." But who could put Callas in a word?

PIANISTS

Dark Victor

The seventh International Chopin Piano Competition began with a cloud of controversy and ended with a puff of perfume. As the field of 83 contestants was whittled down, one U.S. entrant who was eliminated lodged a sour-grapes complaint that the judges (14 from Communist nations, seven from Western countries) were "unfair" in advancing all twelve Russian and Polish performers. Yet when the final round opened last week, for the first time in the 38-year history of the competition (held every five years, except for an interruption during the war) there was not a single Russian in contention. If anything, the results could only be construed as unfair to the unfair sex: four of the six finalists were women.

Fleet & Fiery. Top prize of 40,000 zlotys (\$1,667) went to Argentina's Martha Argerich, who won by an eyelash over Brazil's Arturo Moreira-Lima. The Polish audiences, who packed Warsaw's splendid Philharmonic Hall for each session of the grueling three-week



ARGERICH IN WARSAW
Withering abandon.

contest, took issue with the judges, awarded their longest, loudest ovations to 24-year-old Edward Auer (fifth) from Los Angeles, the first American ever to gain the finals in the prestigious competition for young pianists (age limit: 30). Auer captured the audience's fancy with his bashful manner and the flashy brilliance of his playing.

For Winner Argerich the ordeal was withering. Midway in a concert last week, a doctor was summoned backstage for Argerich, who was suffering from insomnia and near exhaustion. Nevertheless, she came onstage and swept through Chopin's *Scherzo in C-Sharp Minor* with a fleet and fiery abandon that left the audience gasping. Though a slight, delicate girl, she played with an almost masculine power and assertiveness. For more introspective passages, she tempered her mercurial attack with a limpid, poetic tone and subtlety of phrasing that won her the added honor as best interpreter of Chopin's mazurkas.

Peripatetic Life. The somber, tense, darkly attractive Argentine seems especially attuned to the melancholy moods of Chopin. Throughout most of the contest and even on the day of her triumph, she wore only black. Both her parents are officers in the Argentine diplomatic corps, and their peripatetic existence during her early years afforded her the opportunity of studying with a variety of noted teachers. After winning two international competitions, making a highly successful tour of Europe and an excellent first recording, she curiously retired from playing in public and all but gave up practicing. She resumed her career just six months ago after a brief, unhappy marriage.

Now 23, she is reticent about her personal life, presently lives in Brussels but claims no permanent address. In the wake of her victory, she has been deluged with offers to play in Communist countries but so far has refused to make any commitments. Her own appraisal of her winning performances: "Horrible. I don't think it went especially well. I could have done it better."



CALLAS AT THE MET
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MODERN LIVING

THE HOME

Loosely Blanketed

This year's favorite blanket is full of holes, and meant to be: it is the thermal blanket, a machine-made creation of loose-weave stitches that looks like the afghan Grandma used to crochet. Topped with another covering in winter, the air holes are supposed to trap the body's heat. In summer, without the extra wrap, the loose knit allows free circulation of air.

But American women look to thermals for other reasons. "I love that old-fashioned, hand-knit look," said one New York housewife. "I'm so tired of everything being made slick and plastic and impersonal." Housewives also value its practicality: while wool blankets tend to emerge from the washing machine feeling like congealed cardboard, cotton thermals neither stiffen nor shrink, and they do not carry the static electricity that is the plague of lightweight synthetic brands.

The vast bulk of blanket sales is still in the cheap (under \$5) rayon blends, which tend to shrink and wear badly. But in the quality field, thermals are the up-and-coming item. This year 7,500,000 thermals will be sold, as compared with 400,000 wools, 5,500,000 electrics and 5,000,000 acrylics. Most blanket-makers now produce thermals ranging in price from \$3.99 to \$20. They would much rather not. But three years ago a bedspread manufacturer, Morgan-Jones, put the first cotton thermal into U.S. stores. With little advertising except by word of mouth, the response was such that within a year, most companies were forced to compete.

"We find the popularity of the thermal a bit of a mystery," says Chatham Blanket company Executive Director G. Martin Coffyn. "Every warmth test we give it by itself registers zero. The labels say that in winter you need a light covering. That can mean anything from a sheet to a Hudson's Bay blanket." So covered, the blanket admittedly holds more warmth than a sheet or a Hudson's Bay alone would—but not much more, say its critics. There has been no great public outcry from chilled users, and the blankets continue to go like hot cakes. With most American homes centrally heated, housewives seem to care more about the thermal's soft and pliable nature than its warmth.

This season the industry's ugly duckling is getting the full beauty treatment by manufacturers intent on covering the whole market. The thermal now comes in wool, rayon, Dacron, Creslan and Acrilan, as well as the popular cotton, and in shades like curry, persimmon, melon, hollyhock, sand and avocado. It may be bound in velvet or nylon suède, patterned in flowers and leaves, checks and tweeds, stripes and plaids.

Who knows? Soon Linus may order a thermal to use as his security blanket.

CUSTOMS

Wheels for Figaro

The peddlers are coming back.

In the old days, when stores were few and roads were slow, they brought the world's goods and services to the isolated door. And in the new days, when stores are jammed and traffic clogs the highways, the peddlers are back again, dazzling the harried housewife with their lines of cosmetics, underclothes, frozen foods, lending libraries. Latest thoroughfare is the itinerant barber.

Three Texas businessmen have mounted him on an air-conditioned 2½-ton truck with white aluminum walls enclosing a swiveling barber chair and the usual complement of up-to-the-minute accoutrements, including a television set. Mobil Barber Shop is what they call it, and the original idea, launched last week in San Antonio after a survey of housewives, was to specialize in children—thereby saving mothers the chore and possible embarrassment of escorting them to that last bastion of masculinity, once known as the tonorial parlor.

The novelty of San Antonio's cruising barbershop—plus newspaper publicity engendered by threats of violence from stay-put barbers—made the unit a big hit during its first few days of cruising: at one time no fewer than 15 youngsters were waiting for a haircut. Eventually, though, Proprietors David Evans of San Antonio and James W. Brashier and Coleman Kirkpatrick of Houston plan to put their shops-on-wheels on an appointments-only basis, each working a regular route of about 15 blocks—the driver shining and repairing shoes while the barber barbers. Currently on order are ten more units at an outfitted cost of about \$10,000 each, and the partners' long-range dream is a nationwide fleet of 30,000.

Men were originally written off as a market for the mobile shops: "We fig-

ured men would be bound to tradition," says Evans. But initial indications are that they have a strong appeal to men after all—especially with the addition of an evening shift. Relaxation is the appeal, says Partner Kirkpatrick. "A man can come home, put on comfortable clothes, eat, and be completely relaxed. Then when the unit arrives, he can step out to his driveway with a drink in his hand and get a haircut while watching his favorite TV show."

GAMES

New Jag in Jigsaws

Traditionally the jigsaw puzzle depicted placid pastoral scenes. By comparing picture with puzzle, puzzlers could assemble pieces by color or line, put the whole thing together in jig time. Easier to win at than solitaire and less demanding than a novel, it was a relaxing remedy for rainy afternoons and hospital confinements. But that was before Springbok Editions sprung its pasteboard version of Jackson Pollock's "Convergence."

An orgy of thin red lines, blue smudges and black and white blobs, the abstraction lived up to its billing as the "world's hardest jigsaw puzzle." There were colors all right, but where did they go? Handsomely packaged with a glossy reproduction of the painting and priced at \$3.50, the puzzle has found its way into more than 100,000 homes.

Sensing a new jag in the jigsaw trend, Springbok has become even more esoteric, is pushing circular puzzles (no straight edges to assemble for frame) in solid colors. Upon opening "Little Red Riding Hood's Hood," the puzzleophile sees nothing but red—506 pieces of it. Or if he prefers white or brown, he can work at two vicious circles teasingly entitled "Snow White Without the Seven Dwarfs" and "Close-Up of the Three Bears." For those overburdened with leisure time, the thrill in working out such finger exercises is the assurance that no deadlier way to kill time has yet been discovered.



SAN ANTONIO'S MOBILE BARBERSHOP
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1. FARMER, BOY, MOTHER SEATED
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FARMER TAKES SECOND CUP OF
COFFEE TO TABLE.

CAMERA MOVES BACK FROM BOY
AS HE FINISHES SPOONFUL OF
EGG CRUSTACEA.

OTHER MEN'S BREASTS
SHOWN.

SCENE REVERSAL. FARMER BOY
AND MOTHER.

OTHER MEN'S BREASTS AND MOTHER
SHOWN.

SCENE REVERSAL. FARMER BOY
AND MOTHER.

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THE FARMER BREAKFAST

AUDIO

1. (SOUND OF LIFE TRACKING IN 2)

2. (SOUND OF LIFE TRACKING IN 2)

3. (SOUND OF LIFE TRACKING IN 2)

4. (SOUND OF LIFE TRACKING IN 2)

5. (SOUND OF LIFE TRACKING IN 2)

6. (SOUND OF LIFE TRACKING IN 2)

7. (SOUND OF LIFE TRACKING IN 2)

8. (SOUND OF LIFE TRACKING IN 2)





"TITUS"
A prince's ransom.

THE MARKET

Son of Rembrandt

Until last week the most expensive painting ever publicly auctioned was Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*. The top bidder in 1961 was New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the price was \$2,300,000.

Then last week another Rembrandt came up for auction, a painting of the artist's son Titus done between 1645 and 1648. Much smaller than the Met's *Aristotle*, it is a painting rich in charm, warm with sentiment. It shows an angelic child dressed in a grey-brown tunic and wearing a yellow cap topped with red and yellow plumes. Theatrical? Yes. But Rembrandt had reason for wanting to please the lad. His mother, Saskia, had died, and the servant girl Hendrickje Stoffels had only recently entered the home to care for him. To Rembrandt, his son Titus had become every bit a prince, and should be painted that way.

The Applause That Stopped. The painting experienced even more vicissitudes than Rembrandt, ending up, according to legend, over a bedstead in a Dutch farmhouse. There, in the early 1800s, a traveling British art restorer named George Barker saw and picked it up for one shilling, which also included the price of bed and breakfast. Barker presented it to his patron, Lord Spencer. In 1915 it passed into the hands of Sir Herbert Cook for \$168,000. Last week it was up for auction in London's Christie's auction house, identified simply as Item 105.

In all, some 600 art dealers and fanciers (of whom Christie's calculated that at least 50 were serious bidders) showed up for the sale. Bidding started



N OUTSIDE CHRISTIE'S

at \$294,000, then leaped first by \$1,500 bounds, then by \$3,000, then by \$30,000. It was a three-way race until Agnew's of London dropped out at \$2,116,800, and from then on the bidding seasawed between Marlborough Fine Arts, Ltd., represented by David Somerset, who conspicuously signaled his bids with a large red pencil—and Norton Simon, the California industrialist and art collector (*TIME*, May 29, 1964). Finally the price leveled at \$2,175,000. Four times Christie's auctioneer, I. O. Chance, repeated the bid then he brought down his hammer, announced: "Sold to Marlborough Fine Arts." Applause scattered across the room for what seemed to be the Rembrandt's retention by the British. Then it abruptly stopped.

Three-Month Wait. Simon had sprung to his feet. "I have not finished bidding," he protested.

For a moment Auctioneer Chance was speechless. Then: "What did you say?"

"I said I hadn't finished bidding," said Simon. "You got my message. I am still bidding."

To prove it, Simon extricated from his U.S. passport a copy of his agreement with Christie's. He opened the paper, pointed to it and read: "When Mr. Simon is sitting down, he is bidding. If he bids openly, he is also bidding. When he stands up, he has stopped bidding. If he sits down again, he is not bidding unless he raises his finger. Having raised his finger, he is bidding, until he stands up again."

In 31 years of auctioning, Chance had never faced such confusion. However, Christie's catalogue for the sale clearly stated, "if any dispute arises between two or more Bidders, the Lot so in dispute shall be immediately put up again and re-sold." As bedlam took over, Chance declared: "I have no option but to reopen the bidding."

In a matter of seconds, with Marlborough no longer interested, Rembrandt's *Titus* became Simon's. The price: \$2,234,400, a bare \$64,000 below the Met's

ART

Aristotle, but by the square inch some six times as costly.

In a jostling, impromptu sidewalk press conference afterward, Simon tried to clear the air. "I didn't want the publicity," he explained, saying that he had bid in the name of the Norton Simon Foundation. "I had discussed the arrangement for bidding with Chance this morning, and we had signed an agreement," he insisted. He plans to hang the painting first in the soon-to-open Los Angeles County Museum, then offer it for viewing to other U.S. museums. But first *Titus* will have to tarry a bit: according to British law, a major art work must remain for three months to give the British government a chance to match the price, which in this case is most unlikely. Then it will be free to go, giving to untold millions public pleasure once valued privately at less than a shilling.

PAINTING

Unlikely Likenesses

In an age of instant Telstar TV images and photojournalism, the role of portraiture, once a mainstay of the painter's profession, often seems to have fallen by the wayside. But when Parliament decided to honor Winston Churchill on his 80th birthday, it instinctively turned to one of England's finest artists, Graham Sutherland. Churchill loathed the result, kept the oil hidden away. Still, when Churchill died, the public turned to Sutherland's image, saw in its pugnacious, bulldog mien the true essence of their wartime leader.

One of man's greatest challenges is facing himself; in today's portraiture the encounter has become stranger and stranger. Freed from the chore of sticking slavishly to the surface likeness, the artist today is free to probe more than skin-deep. The result often produces a psychological study in depth that eludes even the roving camera's eye. Or, in the instance of Raphael Soyer's *Homage to Thomas Eakins* (opposite), it can bring to life a whole galaxy of familiar figures, bound together by the unfiling vision of one man who knew and admired them all.

Biographer as Surgeon. Soyer's group portrait is essentially a salute to the past, an evocation of his fellow realists and their combined debt to Eakins as the greatest painter in the American realist tradition. Soyer unabashedly searched the past for precedent, modeled his composition on Fantin-Latour's 1864 *Homage to Delacroix*. He prepared himself by making separate portraits of each figure from life, except for the late Reginald Marsh, whom Soyer had painted 24 years earlier; he

\$757 per sq. in. for *Aristotle* v. \$4,448 for *Titus*.

FACES FROM THE EASEL



Mary
Soyer Lieber

Raphael
Soyer

Leonard
Baskin

Edward
Hopper

Whitney Director
Lloyd Goodrich

Moses
Soyer

The Late
Reginald
Marsh

John
Koch

Jack
Levine

Edwin
Dickinson

Henry Varnum
Poor

John
Dobbs

"HOMAGE TO THOMAS EAKINS" is Raphael Soyer's just-finished group portrait of his fellow realists, destined to hang in Manhattan's new Whitney Museum. In the background is Eakins' famed painting, *The Gross Clinic*.



"SELF-PORTRAIT" (1960) by Reginald Pollack shows him peeping between montage of views of his wife Naomi.

"PORTRAIT OF F.P." (1963) by William Brice is a gentle spoof of roly-poly California art dealer, Frank Perls.



"MIES VAN DER ROHE" (1961) by Hugo Weber sets the famous German-born architect of steel structures in vibration as if his ego were struck like a tuning fork.



simply copied the old portrait into the final 6-ft. 8-in. by 7-ft. 4-in. canvas.

The only non-artist in the final painting is Lloyd Goodrich, director of Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art, who was included for his definitive biography of Eakins. He stands behind a table, paralleling the posture of the surgeon in Eakins' *The Gross Clinic*, over his shoulder. "To relieve the grimness," Soyer posed his only daughter bringing in a tray of drinks.

While working on the *Homage*, Soyer was constantly worried that he might fail. He jotted in his progress notes: "Will I be able to capture the tremor in the temples of Jack Levine's portrait, the anxious face of Moses [Soyer's twin brother], or the aura of aloneness about Edward Hopper?" In the end, he largely succeeded, but says Soyer: "The secret of doing big group paintings has been lost. Portraits painted today are fragmentary, personal, capricious, nervous, tentative, incomplete, accidental, at times full of inaccuracies. But they are fascinating—revealing of the artist more than of the subject he paints."

Artist as Analyst. A spate of recent shows has established that contemporary portraits are two-way mirrors. Larry Rivers makes a collage portrait of Pop Artist Jim Dine on a metal storm window. Raise the bottom half, lower the top pane, and presto, a different Dine peers through. Pop Artist Andy Warhol tries to beat the penny-arcade snapshot by silk-screening the image many times over. Reginald Pollack found he had painted himself into a corner: his *Self-Portrait* (opposite page) shows his face surrounded by images of the girl he was then courting. She outnumbered him 6 to 1, and she got the message: when the portrait was done, she married Pollack.

Many of today's artists prefer to call their unlikely likenesses "interpretations" rather than portraits. Abstractionist Hugo Weber became friends with Mies van der Rohe while they both were teaching at the Illinois Institute of Technology. Not until 15 years later did Mies permit a portrait, and then Weber had to sketch while the architect worked at his desk. The blue of Mies's habitual business suit pervades a shoulder-swaying pose as slashing as icy spindrift. Weber still does not know if his subject was pleased, but Mies did buy one of his oils and three drawings.

California Figurative Painter William Brice's portrait of Art Dealer Frank Perls is not, says the artist, "a portrait in the sense that it is a report of the architecture of a head. What really counts in a portrait is what would be of interest to persons other than the subject or his family." Brice is not sure that he really captured Perls. But his subject is sure. "Wow!" says Perls. "He sees me stuffing myself and drinking myself into a monster-dreamer state in order to fulfill dreams of happiness. I probably saved \$5,000 worth of analysis by looking at this portrait."



BILLY & BOUNTY
End of a beautiful friendship.

COLLECTORS

Rose Garden

The scene on the sidewalk was a pure Billy Rose spectacle. While cops hovered before the curved Georgian facade of his Manhattan town house, showmanship's shortest (5 ft. 3 in.) giant lounged in the cavity of Henry Moore's *Reclining Figure*, surrounded by Reg Butler's *Woman Stretching*, Maillol's *Chained Liberty*, Rodin's nude *Adam* and Archipenko's cubistic *Woman Combing Hair*. While Billy watched, twelve white-coated movers lifted the sculpture into vans. In all, there were 105 pieces conservatively worth \$1,000,000, and they were off on their final journey to Jerusalem.

What in the world had prompted Billy Rose's handsome gesture? "About 200 of my friends see my collection in a year in my house," explained Billy. "Perhaps 20,000 people will see it on an average Sunday in Jerusalem. I decided to give it to Israel because it is hungrier for culture than any other country in the world." Rose has also made sure that his sculpture will have a spectacular setting: on an olive-studded hill in Jerusalem is the five-acre Billy Rose Art Garden, designed by Sculptor Isamu Noguchi and landscaped with 10,000 tons of earthen fill and contoured escarpment.

Rose confesses that he will miss his sculpture, which has sat niched away in closets, cellars and theaters. "Outside of the fact that you can't cuddle up to art," says he, "I get from it very much the same sort of joy that I get out of friendship with a beautiful girl." Rose feels that he is performing a noble divorce. Says he, "In this clip-clap, ragtag life, this is the most heart-warming thing I have ever done."

Spring will be a little great this year in Boston

The colorful Sheraton-Boston Hotel
opens in April
in new Prudential Center



Twenty-nine soaring stories of color and convenience. A come-as-you-are drive-in entrance with its own lobby. It will be a cosmopolitan hotel in the heart of the new Boston. A glamorous hotel with magnificent tower suites high above the city. Five specialty restaurants. Lanai guest rooms beside a lavish pool. Gardened patios. And it's all yours April.

Sheraton-Boston Hotel

Sheraton Hotels & Motor Inns exist in the U.S., in Hawaii, Canada, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Mexico, Israel.

Here's Why Ohio's 1964 Industrial Expansion Totaled ONE BILLION DOLLARS

In a single year, announced new capital investment in Ohio industry totaled a record-setting \$1,000,000,000.00! And you can tell your boots we're proud. Because what it means, of course, is that more and more Ohio companies are prospering and expanding . . . and more and more new and former out-of-state companies are discovering what a pleasure it is to do business in a state where "profit" is not a dirty word.

The following facts will show you what we mean:

- **The lowest State and Local Taxes of any comparable industrial state** — and that is the way it will remain. Ohio's budget has been balanced for the last two years — with no new or increased taxes. The budget being submitted for the next biennium is likewise a balanced budget, again with no new or increased taxes.

Within the framework of this balanced budget are Ohio's wide-range new programs for highways, education, airports and capital improvements. This kind of attitude in the State House, the Court Houses, and City Halls throughout the state means that industry can plan future operations, growth, and expansion, knowing that cost will not suddenly skyrocket because of tax increases — because no new or increased taxes are needed in Ohio.

PROFIT IS NOT A DIRTY WORD IN OHIO

- **Unexcelled human resources.** Ohio's labor force is among the most productive in the nation. Responsible labor leadership has kept work stoppage to a minimum, and Ohio industry enjoys excellent employer-employee relationships. Workmen's compensation and unemployment compensation have undergone close scrutiny. Abuses have been stopped, and costs stabilized.

If the available human resources are not precisely what you need, Ohio will create what you want. The Bureau of Unemployment Compensation and the State Department of Education are equipped to set up special local training programs to train workers specifically for you, often right in your own plant. Thirty-nine communities

throughout Ohio operate training and re-training programs.

PROFIT IS NOT A DIRTY WORD IN OHIO

- **Lowest transportation costs.** From Ohio, your products reach more markets faster than from any other state. Within 500 miles of Ohio is 62% of the nation's population, 68% of its personal income, 66% of its retail sales. On the industrial side of the coin, an Ohio plant site is within 500 miles of 78% of the nation's manufacturing, and 73% of its new plants and equipment.

Reaching these markets is easy from Ohio. More than half of Ohio's 1,540 miles of Interstate Highway is now open for travel — and Ohio intends to be the first state to complete its entire network. Ohio's \$2.5-billion program for new highways insures the state an unsurpassed highway system. Thirty-four railroads crisscross every county in Ohio. Thirteen regularly scheduled airlines serve fourteen Ohio cities, and 441 airports and airfields are available to business and private planes, and a program now underway will place an airport capable of handling at least two-engine planes in each of Ohio's 88 counties. The St. Lawrence Seaway-Great Lakes shipping lanes and the mighty Ohio River have opened direct water routes from Ohio's industry to world markets — and vice versa.

PROFIT IS NOT A DIRTY WORD IN OHIO

- **Excellent educational facilities.** In 1964, ninety-three Ohio colleges and universities conferred an estimated 25,000 bachelor degrees, 4,500 master degrees, and 310 doctorates. Ohio high schools graduate 85,000 students a year and the number is growing.

To keep well ahead of the growing demand for higher education, Ohio has a \$340-million program for more and better laboratories and classrooms, technical institutes, community and branch colleges, and research centers. Already authorized are funds for facilities in 27 Ohio communities. A new state university, plus technical, scientific, and community institutions at 21 Ohio locations, are proposed in an upcoming program. Whether your needs will be for

astrophysicists, mechanical engineers, technicians, or machinists, Ohio will have trained people for you.

PROFIT IS NOT A DIRTY WORD IN OHIO

- **Low utility rates.** Ohio ranks third in the nation in energy production, providing abundant power available throughout the state at low costs.

Seven investor-owned electric companies and two of the nation's largest gas systems provide Ohioans with the most complete and flexible utilities service available. Ohio coal resources are more than equal to future demands, and recent developments in oil and gas drilling promise to make the state a leader in petroleum and natural gas.

PROFIT IS NOT A DIRTY WORD IN OHIO

- **Superb recreational facilities.** Hunting, fishing, boating and camping for the outdoorsman; historical and scenic points of interest for the sightseer; big league baseball, football, basketball, hockey, skiing, racing, golfing and bowling for the sports-minded.

No Ohioan need ever leave his state, whatever his recreational tastes. And, again, Ohio intends that it will remain so. On the boards is a \$100-million program for capital improvements in Ohio's state parks, lakes and streams, and historical sites. From the hushed relaxation of a quiet lakeside cabin, to the excitement of summer theatre, to the bright bustle of the county fair midway, Ohio has every recreational facility.

PROFIT IS NOT A DIRTY WORD IN OHIO

And remember, all of this with no new or increased taxes. Ohio is gearing itself to become the nation's number one industrial state — a state sensitive to its people's wants, responsive to the problems of industry, and so confident about the future that it is acting today to provide for the needs of tomorrow's industry.

Shouldn't you find out more about Ohio before you make any expansion decisions?


GOVERNOR OF OHIO

PROFIT IS NOT A DIRTY WORD IN OHIO

U.S. BUSINESS

AUTOS

Making Mileage at Chrysler

Detroit's biggest outdoor signboard is devoted, fittingly, to keeping a minute-by-minute tally of the year's auto production. Sometime this week, the sign's revolving numerals will register their 2,290,000th car in 1965, thus breaking an all-time quarterly record for the auto industry: before the month is out, that figure will rise to some 2,500,000 for 1965's first three months. As the industry drives confidently toward what it believes will be its first 9,000,000-car year,* one company is gaining faster than all the others. Though third-place Chrysler is still far behind General Motors and Ford in total auto production, it is building the biggest success story of the year.

The industry's overall sales are up a healthy 18% so far this year; Chrysler's have climbed 37%. Chrysler's share of the market, which fell to 8.3% as recently as 1962, has now risen to almost 15%. Chrysler's sales are so good, in fact, that the company is hard pressed to meet the demand. In a \$1.6 billion, four-year expansion plan, Chrysler is now building new stamping and assembly plants, a new foundry and other facilities that will increase its yearly production capacity by 200,000 cars, to an annual total of 1,400,000.

A Poor Inheritance. Chrysler's road to success was paved with gradually improving styling and quality in the company's 1962, '63 and '64 models. This year, for the first time since he was appointed in 1961, Chrysler President Lynn Townsend has a car that he can call completely his own: he has finally been able to rid the entire Chrysler line of the last traces of the garish fins and ornamentation that he inherited from L. L. ("Tex") Colbert. Chrysler's cars are also being pushed by a revitalized dealer organization, which increased from 6,000 to 6,300 dealerships last year. The most prestigious dealer gain was made recently when the only Ford dealer in Grosse Pointe, Mich.—Henry Ford II's home—quietly switched his franchise to Chrysler.

Encouraged by these improvements, many traditional Chrysler owners who switched brands in the late 1950s and early 1960s have returned to buying Chrysler products. Sales of the slab-sided big Chrysler have increased by 69% this year, and Plymouth, boosted by the sleek, lengthened Fury, has gained 47%—the two greatest increases in the industry. Dodge sales are up 19%. The racy, fastback Barracuda, carved out of the compact Valiant as a



LYNN TOWNSEND



ASSEMBLY PLANT IN DETROIT

Support from old friends—and a future in Ford's home town.

quick and inexpensive answer to Ford's Mustang, has more than compensated for a decline in Valiant sales.

A Rich Reward. Last fall's introduction of the hot-selling 1965s helped make 1964 Chrysler's most profitable year; it had earnings of \$213.8 million on record sales of almost \$4.3 billion. The year was also profitable for Chrysler's directors and officers, who were awarded a total of \$2,110,254 in salaries and \$3,780,000 in bonuses. Townsend himself set a personal record, improving his 1963 salary and bonus of \$423,567 to \$555,900 last year.

Success has brought problems too. Although Chrysler last year paid only \$1 a share in dividends on its earnings of \$5.46 a share—plowing the balance back into new plants and equipment—the cost of expansion and new model introduction reduced its net working capital from \$557 million to \$385 million. Townsend has instituted a new company-wide cost-cutting program, but he realizes that economy alone will not suffice. In April Chrysler will float a new stock issue of 5,611,000 shares that should bring in another \$308 million to help pay the price of success.

MARKETING

Pretty Picture

For the millions of Americans who wonder when the price of color television will come down, the TV set manufacturers cite the title of one of the popular network shows: *The Price Is Right*. As far as they are concerned, it seems to be. They are selling all the sets they can produce—at any price. Because the makers are unable to keep up with rising demand, many frustrated customers now find they must wait up to six weeks for delivery. Says Zenith President Joseph Wright: "Everybody underestimated the strength of the color

market for the last two months of 1964, and the demand has carried over into 1965."

Instead of slumping as usual after the Christmas rush, color-TV sales have continued to climb, are running at a rate 70% ahead of the record established last year (1,400,000 color sets sold). This industry expects a further lift this fall, when 96% of NBC's prime-time shows will be in color and CBS and ABC will also greatly increase color programming (TIME, March 19). Zenith's Wright predicts that the number of U.S. families with color sets will jump this year from 2,800,000 to 5,300,000—or one U.S. family in nine.

Though many would-be purchasers grumble about the high cost of color, price seems to be secondary to style and quality in the eyes of most buyers. Discount houses commonly offer small, 19-in. color sets for less than \$300, and RCA last week temporarily cut the list price of its cheapest set from \$400 to \$380 in a one-shot promotion. These stripped-down, metal-encased models do not move as fast as the higher-priced ones; the hottest sellers are the walnut or mahogany models that have such popular accessories as remote controls and automatic magnetizers and sell for \$500 or more.

Practically all the large, living-room TV sets now sold are color. Black-and-white has been relegated to the family's back rooms; fully 70% of the monochrome models sold today are portable sets that list for \$150 or less, and are meant for bedrooms and dens. Because of the high volume of portables and the trend toward multi-TV families, black-and-white sales are up 12% this year, are expected to reach 8,000,000 sets. "The beautiful part about color television," says Motorola's Vice President Sylvester Herkes, "is that it has not displaced the black-and-white mar-

*To stimulate sales even more, the auto companies are lobbying hard for the repeal of the 10% excise tax on autos, which adds an average of \$225 to the cost of a new car.

ket." This year, however, most manufacturers expect that the dollar volume of color sales will top that of black and white, reaching \$1.2 billion v. monochrome's \$1.1 billion.

INDUSTRY

Corporate Spies

Chicago's Abbott Laboratories, like most firms in the aggressively competitive drug industry, observes the most stringent plant security: work areas are gridded off and guarded, gates open only briefly for shift changes and deliveries, employee parcels are scrutinized. It is impossible, however, to police minds and memories. Abbott is seeking an injunction against two former employees, claiming that they memorized the formula for its highly successful Sucaryl, an artificial sweetener, and duplicated it in a competing product.

Abbott is only one of a growing number of companies with such security problems. Last week, at an American Management Association conference in Manhattan, businessmen were startled to hear statistics showing that industrial espionage has risen 50% in recent years. Corporate losses through spying and the theft of goods and processes now run to \$2 billion yearly.

Tell-tale Carbons. The rise is due partly to increasing job mobility; workers unavoidably take knowledge with them from company to company. Another cause is the fierce competition built up by an avalanche of new products. No fewer than 26,000 are introduced every year, at a cost of more than \$6 billion in research and development expenditures. Under such costly pressures, many companies find it valuable to learn surreptitiously what new competitive products lie ahead or where another company does its test-marketing.

Espionage is heaviest in the electronics, chemical, drug, petroleum and toy industries, but some of it goes on almost

everywhere. In a Harvard business-school survey of executives, 25% replied that "spying or other types of undercover information collection had recently been discovered" in their industry; the survey also found that executives under 50 are less concerned than their elders about the ethics of pirating and spying. Some firms go so far as to hire professional spies, plant informers inside other companies, bribe or blackmail employees for information, tap telephones, even sort rubbish. "I'm picking up a couple of barrels of trash a night now," a California private detective admitted last week. "The way they use these carbons only once now, it's a cinch." Not all of the espionage work is underhand, of course: many companies regularly instruct salesmen and other fieldworkers to report back any news and gossip, also sift trade journals, advertisements and Government reports for additional wisps of information.

Two-Way Mirror. The rise in spies, along with increasing theft and embezzlements, has produced stronger counterespionage as well as more frequent lawsuits. In what has become a benchmark decision, B.F. Goodrich Co. recently won an injunction forbidding a Goodrich space-suit engineer who had gone over to International Latex to use knowledge gained at Goodrich on his new space-suit work. So far, Du Pont has legally gagged a chemical engineer who knew its chloride process for making titanium dioxide paints when he left for American Potash & Chemical; a court order prohibits him from working on titanium dioxide processes.

Spy-workers are sometimes trapped by counterspy-workers sent into plants by such protective agencies as Willmark or the Merit Protective Service. Companies on the defensive are also using closed-circuit television, two-way mirrors, lie-detector tests, and telephone taps of their own. But the very best preventive, businessmen decided at the A.M.A. meeting, is none of these things: it is for companies to keep their employees so content that they will not stoop to snoop for others, and will not be tempted to take their secrets to another company.

RAILROADS

On the Right Track

American railroads are still a long way from consolidating into two or three giant lines that would blanket the nation, but the trend is clearly in that direction. There have been 35 rail mergers since 1957, and a dozen mergers are now pending. Last week the Chicago & North Western and the Chicago, Milwaukee St. Paul & Pacific, which have been eyeing each other ever since 1939, finally decided that one can live more cheaply than two. The estimated saving from sharing their facilities and eliminating duplicating service: about \$40 million annually.

If stockholders go along with the directors' decision, the proposed Chicago,



HEINEMAN ON HELICOPTER INSPECTION
Profits from technology.

Milwaukee & North Western Transportation Co. will rank among the top two or three roads in the U.S.—a system with nearly 21,000 miles of track, annual revenues of \$450 million and assets of \$1.3 billion. Since the Interstate Commerce Commission generally has looked favorably on recent rail mergers, it is expected to give its approval to the union.

One of the new road's chief assets will not show up on its balance sheet. He is North Western's chairman, Ben Heineman, 51, who is almost certain to become the new line's chairman and chief executive officer. In his nine years at the controls of the North Western, he has engineered it from an antiquated, dying road that was losing more than \$5,000,000 a year into a lean, modern line that has earned profits of more than \$8,000,000 in each of the past two years. Spurning Government subsidies, Heineman has employed modern technology—from computers to helicopters—to cut his expenses and win back business from the highways. He led the fight against railroad featherbedding, enduring a costly strike and winning labor contracts that have set an industry pattern. Urged to abandon the North Western's commuter operation—which was losing \$2,500,000 annually—he instead modernized equipment, advertised for passengers. Last year his road earned the nation's only commuter profit, \$706,000.

Heineman is already looking beyond creation of the Milwaukee & North Western. He is fighting the Union Pacific for control of the Rock Island, is awaiting ICC approval of his recent acquisition of the Chicago Great Western. His goal: a 30,000-mile railroad that would stretch from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico and from Chicago to the Pacific Ocean. Such a road would be second in mileage only to the Soviet Union's state-owned, 79,000-mile system.



TAPPING CONVERSATION THROUGH WALL
Secrets from trash.



CHEVY-VAN DELIVERS ALL SORTS OF THINGS AT LOW COST

It has a low price tag, and it's built to work a long time and go easy on upkeep. The big body, with 211 cu. ft. of load space and flat floor, carries a full ton of cargo. Sturdy welded construction is thoroughly rustproofed. Side doors are available if needed. So is the powerful Chevrolet 230 Six, now offered for the first time in Chevy-Van. It's a lot of truck for the money, from big one-piece windshield up front to big easy-loading doors at the rear. See how nicely Chevy-Van suits the sort of things you deliver—at your Chevrolet dealer's.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET





Where will you be when summer comes?



There's a well-worn path to the Coliseum, waiting to lead you back through time.

There's a round little garçon with a table for two, waiting to serve you in St. Germain.

There's a wise old driver and a bright new cab in Piccadilly, waiting to take you to Buckingham Palace.

Promise you'll be there. And come along with us.

We fly to Europe from 17 cities 'round the U.S.A. We have the most flights to Europe by far. And we go straight through to 26 cities—twice as many as anybody.

For a real bargain, try one of our 14-21 day Jet economy tickets. They're as much as \$184 less than

regular Jet economy tickets. And we can give you all kinds of easy ways to pay the fare.

Charge it, for instance, on your Air Travel Card. Or pay in monthly installments with your American Express Credit Card or one of our pay-later plans.

Wherever you go, you'll have the good feeling that comes from flying the best there is.

That's a promise.



World's most experienced airline

First on the Atlantic
First on the Pacific

First in Latin America
First 'Round the World

BANKING

Trouble Among the Regulators

What began a fortnight ago as a Senate investigation of crooks in banking turned last week into a disquieting exposure of the Government's own performance at supervising banks. It proved a tough week for the man who charts and monitors national banks, Comptroller of the Currency James J. Saxon, long one of Washington's most controversial figures.

First, Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin complained to Arkansas Senator John McClellan's Senate Investigations Subcommittee that Saxon withheld confidential evidence of irregularities at the San Francisco National Bank, thus misleading the Federal Reserve into lending the bank \$9,260,000 when it was about to fail. Two of Saxon's own aides not only confirmed this lack of communication but added that Saxon waited eight months to tell the Justice Department about indications that the bank's president was accepting kickbacks for approving loans.

Then the deposed president of the San Francisco bank, Don C. Silverthorne, whose "gross dishonesty" Saxon had blamed for its collapse, turned up at the hearings and told newsmen in a corridor confrontation that he gave "booze, cigars and virgin-wool shirts" to both Saxon and his West Coast regional director, Arnold E. Larsen. "I don't give liquor by the bottle," smiled Silverthorne. "I give it by the case."

Through all this, Saxon remained typically silent, though he did write the Federal Reserve denying that his men had withheld any reports that "it requested." But the revelations of friction between the Comptroller, the Federal Reserve and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, all of which now divide the task of bank regulation, produced strong demands for some sort of reform. In a San Francisco speech, James L. Robertson, one of the Federal Reserve's seven governors, declared that today's "tangle of overlapping responsibilities, conflicting philosophies and procedural cross-purposes cannot be tolerated much longer." Merely "knocking heads together" will not solve the problem, said Robertson. "The defect is in the structure."

CORPORATIONS

Kaiser's Spreading Empire

California's Edgar Kaiser, 56, is an uncommonly sentimental tycoon. Whenever he sees his father, the legendary Henry J. Kaiser, 82, he greets the old man with a warm hug and a kiss. Two weeks ago, when Edgar was decorated with Brazil's Order of the Southern Cross, the tears flowed freely down his cheeks. On business matters, however, Edgar Kaiser is eminently dry-eyed. Finally stepping out of his father's long



HENRY J. AT HAWAII KAI
The cornerstone is optimism.

shadow, he has taken full charge of the family's 100-company empire and spread the business into 40 countries on six continents. Last week, as the last of their major companies reported for 1964, the Kaisers toted up profits of \$46 million on sales of \$1.3 billion. For their major manufacturing arms, it was the brightest year since Henry J. started making steel, building ships and breaking production records in 1941.

Rising on Risks. Next week Edgar Kaiser will jet from his headquarters in Oakland, Calif., to Venezuela, where Kaiser engineers head a consortium of companies from five nations that is building the \$137 million Guri Dam. Meanwhile, Kaiser Aluminum is busy putting up new plants in West Berlin, Turkey and Japan. Kaiser Steel has just closed the largest trade deal in Australia's history: with a local partner, it will sell \$600 million worth of iron ore to Japan over the next 15 years. Kaiser Cement & Gypsum this month opened a mill in Florida, and later this year will start up another in New Jersey, thus invading the eastern U.S. market.

Like his father, Edgar rushes in where the timid fear to tread, following the company's slogan—"Find a need, and fill it." Optimism is the cornerstone of the Kaiser philosophy, and Edgar argues with folksy persuasion that the world's needs are bound to rise so fast that he would be foolish not to try to meet them.

Such a philosophy obviously has built-in risks. Kaiser has taken on an extraordinarily heavy debt load, which both limits the payment of cash dividends and makes the company vulnerable to any severe recession in the future. Last year his engineers lost \$16 million, largely because a Kaiser dam in Greece was washed out by floods. A dike-building project in Israel was damaged when the Dead Sea overflowed—for the first time since the days of Moses. Other businessmen often wonder why Kaiser is deeply committed in such unpredictable areas as Latin America (where Kaiser-



NKRUMAH & EDGAR

Willys is the continent's biggest auto producer), or India (where Kaiser operates the country's largest aluminum plant), or Ghana (where Kaiser is building the \$196 million Volta Dam and an aluminum plant that will be served by it). To such questioning, Edgar gives a disarming answer: "How are you ever going to give these people the opportunity to know us unless you work with them?"

Prince & Papa. Edgar travels the equivalent of ten times around the world every year, catches up on sleep by snoring on a black eyeshade and stretching out on a bunk in the company plane. A confident and party-going pal of several world leaders, he has become the U.S.'s semi-official ambassador to Ghana's Red-leaning dictator, Kwame Nkrumah. He also finds time to serve on three U.S. presidential commissions and to supervise the nonprofit Kaiser Foundation Medical Plan, in which 1,200,000 members pay a monthly fee for the services of 1,000 doctors and 15 hospitals. Edgar used it to treat his ulcers, now cured.

Part of this four-wheeled drive comes from his desire to top Henry J. Says Edgar: "Any time that you follow a great man—and my father was a great man—you're constantly asking yourself, 'Do I measure up?'" Aging Henry J. now lives under the Honolulu sun, devotes much of his energies to the company's 6,000-acre Hawaii Kai real estate development, into which the Kaiser enterprises have sunk more than \$25 million with little return. Edgar invariably sounds Henry J. out on all major decisions, and for more than sentimental reasons. After all, Edgar has three sons of his own—age 16 to 22—and he expects to be listened to when they take over.

WORLD BUSINESS

MONEY

The Dollar Drought

Seen through foreign eyes, U.S. dollars are something like U.S. tourists or soldiers: foreigners may grumble when too many of them come over, but they really howl when the flow is cut back. Now that Washington has tightened up on the spending and lending of dollars abroad to close the U.S. payments gap, the cries are rising from Bern to Canberra. The U.S. has been a vast commercial bank to a capital-starved world, having pumped \$25 billion abroad in the past decade, and other nations are reluctant to part with this rich source of money. Said London's Evening Standard last week: "Already there is talk of a new dollar shortage of the kind which made economic life so difficult in early postwar years."

Weak Francs. Europe's businessmen, who previously complained that the unchecked inflow of U.S. dollars aggravated the Continent's inflation, are now warning that the cutback raises the danger of deflation. The Swiss franc and the French franc have weakened in relation to the dollar on international money markets, and the short-term lending rate for Euro-dollars—the \$5 billion-plus hoard of dollars that is circulated by Europe's banks—has jumped from 4½% to 5% as borrowers scramble for funds to finance expansion. In Australia, where the Sydney stock market suffered its sharpest fall in four years as a result of the curbs on dollars, Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies passed the word last week that he will ask Lyndon Johnson to soften the restrictions. Japanese businessmen, mindful that U.S. money has provided 10% of the financing for their postwar boom, also urged Washington to go easier.

Washington is willing to bend, but only a bit. Commerce Secretary John Connor said last week that U.S. businessmen may lend and invest freely in the underdeveloped nations. The U.S. is in no mood to relax its restrictions on the 22 "developed" nations—including all of Europe as well as Japan and Australia—because it is continuing to lose gold. The nation's gold supply dropped another \$250 million last week, bringing the year's loss up to \$825 million and the stock at Fort Knox down to a 27-year low of \$14.6 billion.

More than half of this year's drain to date has been due to Charles de Gaulle's attack on the dollar, which is continuing week by week. The U.S. is also under pressure from one of its staunchest monetary allies, West Germany. Speaking for West Germany, Bundesbank Chief Karl Blessing recently urged nations to place less reliance on the dollar, hold their international reserves two-thirds in gold and only one-third in dollars and British pounds. In



BUNDESBANK'S BLESSING
Also, cries for reform.

1964 the Bundesbank quietly traded in \$200 million of U.S. gold and boosted the proportion of gold in its reserves from 54% to 61% (v. 73% in France and 87% in Switzerland).

Strong Motives. The continuing air of unease lent urgency to the cry for reform of the international monetary system, in which the world still depends heavily on dollars. The U.S. Joint Congressional Economic Committee last week proposed that all hard-money nations should at long last kick in to create a new pool of reserves, thus sharing with the U.S. both the burdens and rewards of serving as banker to the world. Going even farther, Britain's Labor government is willing to transform the International Monetary Fund into a world central bank that would not only lend money but also create it. Though De Gaulle's call for a return to the gold standard has been roundly rejected, the

French believe that they have won an important psychological battle: just about everybody wants to change the money system to give the world more floating capital.

FRANCE

X Marks Success

Jean Mantelet was running a small plant that made hand-operated kitchen utensils when he decided ten years ago to try his luck with electric appliances. He had his doubts. In fact, he labeled the first electric coffee mills off the assembly line "Moulin X"—literally, Mill X—to protect the reputation of his established firm, Moulin-Légumes, in case the venture did not work out. It did, and Mantelet's firm has since become France's largest manufacturer of electrical appliances, proudly bearing the name Moulinex. Last week at Paris' 34th International des Arts Ménagers, where 1,800 appliance makers from 26 countries showed their wares, Moulinex took another step forward by announcing plans to add ten new household appliances to its present 24 products.

Moulinex is counting primarily on the appliance market's still broad potential: 59% of French homes have no refrigerators, 63% no vacuum cleaners, 67% no hot-water heaters. Many of the smaller appliances in which Moulinex specializes—electric food grinders, mixers, blenders, peelers and juicers—are equally unfamiliar to most French kitchens. Behind its slogan, "Moulinex liberates the woman," the company is increasingly selling the French housewife on *le confort*. Its product line is also stretching beyond the kitchen, now includes electric heaters, vacuum cleaners and a \$3.50 hair dryer that is one of the world's fastest-selling models. Though under orders to make the products simple and inexpensive, Moulinex



MOULINEX'S MANTELET AT PARIS APPLIANCE SHOW
Next move, confort for U.S. housewives.

researchers have also come up with some important technological advances. The latest: an asynchronous motor for appliances that does not cause static interference in radios and TV sets.

Despite its rapid growth (1964 sales: \$40 million), Moulinex remains a strictly one-man operation. Jean Mantelet, dapper and youngish-looking at 64, is president, general manager and principal (99%) stockholder. No longer the reluctant risk taker, he now plans to increase his factories from four to seven within three years, double production, triple sales and raise exports from 30% to 50% of total sales. One special target is the biggest appliance market of all, the U.S.

The competition cuts two ways. Last year Connecticut's Seovill Manufacturing Co. (Hamilton Beach products) bought a small Lourdes company that makes coffee grinders, miners' lamps and flashlights, and will now produce a broad line of appliances in France. "The government asked me to take it before the Americans did," says Mantelet, "but I refused." Seovill will not attempt to match Moulinex prices; it believes instead that the French are ready to trade up. Mantelet is betting that the majority of French housewives will continue to choose Brand X.

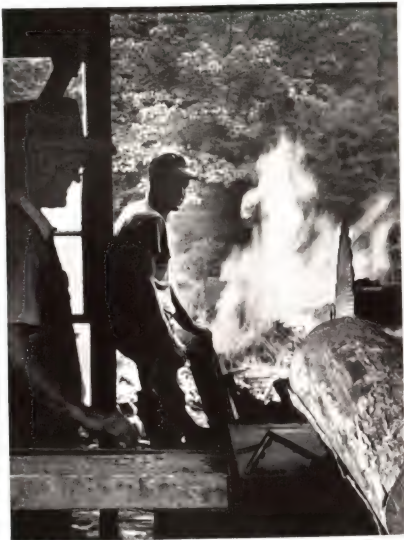
WORLD TRADE

Surrender of a Pirate

A U.S. cartoonist, poking fun at the Soviet propensity for stealing the inventions of other nations, once created a Russian inventor named Regus Patoff, an acronym for the omnipresent "Reg. U.S. Pat. Off." Last week, after decades of pirating others' ideas without so much as a thank you, the Russians joined the Paris Convention of 1883, the pact under which 67 nations agree to honor one another's patents and trademarks. In the future the Russians will have to pay the same licensing fees as everyone else when they cast a covetous eye on a new product or process. In return, the West is taking steps to recognize the U.S.S.R.'s internal system of "inventors' certificates" as equivalent to patents.

The Russians had a change of heart simply because they see rising opportunities for trade with the West and did not want their pirating to stand in the way. Moreover, Russian technology is beginning to devise a number of items that other nations might be interested in (one example: sophisticated oil-drilling gear), and the Russians want to get paid for their use. "The Soviets have come to realize that they may get more profit from joining than from staying out," says Dr. Georg Bodenhausen, head of the Geneva-based International Union for the Protection of Industrial Property, which administers the Paris pact.

The pact is hard to enforce if anyone really wants to circumvent it: Bodenhausen's organization has no legal



HARD MAPLE is brought down to Jack Daniel's Hollow, sawed up, and rick-burned for charcoal to smooth out our Tennessee whiskey

Charcoal Mellowing starts with *hard maple* from *high ground*, rick-burned in the *open air*. The special charcoal that results is ground up fine and tamped tightly 10 feet deep in vats. Then our whiskey is seeped down through it ... drop by drop ... for 10 long days. As you can see, this costs us a lot of time and work. But the rare *sippin'* smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's, we believe, makes it all well spent.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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"My father had a care to have me in my nonage brought up at school, that I might through the study of good letters grow to be a friend to myself, a profitable member to the commonwealth, and a comfort to him in his age."

—ROBERT GREENE 1572



What greater blessing can there be than for a person to be a friend to himself? It is the prerequisite for all the satisfactions of life, the greatest boon that one can give a child. And unquestionably one of the things that will help him most to be a friend to himself is a college education.

In addition to broadening his horizons, expanding his vision, widening and deepening his interests, increasing his associations, and improving his knowledge, a college education is, to put it bluntly, worth money in terms of income over the years. A survey reported in American Economic Review indicates that college graduates on average have annual incomes more than 55% higher than persons with only high-school background—a difference in money that may mean the difference between living and merely existing.

But college is not only worth money; it costs money. The average tuition in a private college today is in the neighborhood of \$1,000, with room, board, and other expenses amounting to another \$1,000 a year—a total of around \$8,000 for a four-year course. If costs continue to rise as they have in the past, by 1970 the figure may be twice as much—\$2,000 a year for tuition alone, with other expenses increased as well, making the average total cost of four years of college upwards of \$12,000.

There will be scholarships, of course, and many students will work to help pay their way. But the bulk of the burden will continue to fall on the parents. And the sooner they make plans to shoulder that burden, the better

off they and their children will be when the time comes for college.

One thing that we suggest is setting aside available surplus funds and investing them in good common stocks that have prospects of long-term growth, stocks that have a chance of increasing in value if the American economy continues to expand at its present rate.

Selecting securities that we believe will fit the needs of all kinds of investors is part of our business. Many parents have asked us to suggest stocks that we think can help build an education fund for their children, and our Research Division has compiled numerous portfolios along such lines. The attractiveness of a stock or a group of stocks is, of course, always subject to change. A list of stocks to consider for a cost-of-education portfolio might include A&P, Eastman Kodak, Gulf Oil, IBM, Minnesota Mining & Mfg., Scott Paper, and Upjohn.

These stocks may be purchased in a cash account in any amount, or each may be purchased in a separate Monthly Investment Plan account and the dividends automatically reinvested. (Information on the stocks mentioned above is yours for the asking.)

We want to emphasize that the selection of particular securities for investment depends on your own financial situation and needs. Therefore, if the stocks in this portfolio do not seem to fit your circumstances, our Research Division will gladly compile a portfolio which they believe is appropriate for you. You have only to ask. There is no charge or obligation.



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FEBRUARY 1965

weapons against transgressors, simply passes along complaints to governments involved. Any member of the pact can unilaterally exempt specific products from patent protection; Italy has done so with pharmaceuticals, thus enabling Italian firms to copy the world's new drugs as fast as they are invented. Several big nations, such as India, Pakistan, Argentina and Chile, remain outside the system, some of them figuring that they invent too little to profit from it. Nor does the pact protect artistic or literary copyrights, which come under the Bern Convention—to which the Russians still refuse to subscribe.

Though the patent accord will move the U.S.S.R. closer to an interchange of technology with the West, the Russians will continue to pirate foreign books as often as they please.



THREE-WHEELED TRUCK
A goal from the gods.

GREECE

Outdoing Hephaestus

They rolled from place to place around the blessed abodes.

Self-moved, obedient to the beek of gods.

—Homer

Homer thus described the 20 three-wheeled chariots built in a single day by the Greek god of fire, Hephaestus, the master craftsman who dwelt on Mount Olympus. Though ordinary Greek chariots lacked the gift of self-propulsion, the Greeks once led the ancient world in the production of wheeled vehicles. For the past several millennia, however, the Greek vehicle industry has been in quite a slump. In modern times, while such smaller nations as Portugal and Israel have managed to produce autos of their own, Greece has had no automotive industry.

Last week six brothers named Kondogouris moved to emulate Hephaestus and restore the vehicular glory that once was Greece's. Their family-owned National Motor Co. of Athens selected a site in the port city of Patras, where it will build a factory in September, hire nearly 1,000 workers and begin production before year's end of a three-wheeled utility truck called the "Pully," designed by Fiat. Their initial production goal: Hephaestus' 20 vehicles a day.

So many foreign orders have already been received that the Kondogouris brothers have earmarked the 6,000 vehicles they will produce in 1966 for

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export to Common Market countries; they hope to raise production to 15,000 in 1967, begin selling in Greece. If they succeed, the brothers will provide an important economic lift for Greece, which has an annual trade deficit of \$530 million; the value of Pully exports in 1966 should equal the exports of Greece's entire metal-manufacturing industry. Says Victor Kondogouris, 34, National's assistant managing director: "We aspire to make our Pully business the backbone of Greece's export trade."

The sons of a well-off former mayor of Salonika, the Kondogouris brothers invested \$400,000 in 1961 to build

Greece's first automotive factory, began assembling a German-licensed farm truck. In 1963 they sold their Salonika plant to Chrysler International for \$1,800,000, a deal that gave them enough to start their \$2,000,000 Pully venture without outside financing. The Pully, which will be powered by a two-cylinder Fiat engine, weighs 1,100 lbs., costs less than \$1,000 and will—according to National—"motorize the masses." Once the Pully gets going, the company will start work on a small passenger line—which, because the Greeks do not quite have a word for it, Victor Kondogouris calls "a Greek Volkswagen."

MILESTONES

Born. To Peggy Lennon, 26, second oldest of Lawrence Welk's four bubbly Lennon Sisters, and Dick Cathcart, 40, the champagne orchestra's lead trumpeter: a daughter, their first child; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Born. To Georg Adenauer, 33, Bonn notary public, youngest of former German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's four sons, and Ulla-Britta Adenauer, 31, his Swedish wife: a son, their third, thus making *der Alte* a grandfather for the 24th time; in Bonn.

Married. Kim Novak, 32, Hollywood's oft-courted, never terribly interested bachelor girl; and Richard Johnson, 37, British actor and her leading man in the forthcoming *Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders*; he for the second time; in a civil ceremony; in Aspen, Colo.

Died. Fouad Farouk El Awal, 45, deposed, unlamented King of Egypt; of a heart attack; in Rome (see THE WORLD).

Died. George Francis Hicks, 60, radio and TV announcer for NBC since the 1930s, best known for his stirring D-day description of the Normandy invasion on June 6, 1944, coolly broadcasting from the deck of the command ship *Ancon* while under severe attack by Nazi bombers; of cancer; in Queens, N.Y.

Died. Quentin Reynolds, 62, journalist, war correspondent and author of 24 books (*Dress Rehearsal, The Curtain Rises*), many of them hero-studded accounts of World War II; of cancer; at Travis Air Force Base, Calif., following an emergency flight from Manila. Covering the war for *Collier's*, Reynolds poured his romantic Irish heart into vivid, highly personal combat reports from North Africa to Dieppe, winning high praise from such fans as Winston Churchill and such scorn from Columnist Westbrook Pegler that he won a \$175,000 libel judgment from him.

Died. Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, 63, President and Communist leader of Rumania, the self-educated son of a metalworker, who joined the Reds in 1929, went to jail three years later for leading a rail strike, was freed by the Soviet Army in 1944, and came to power when King Michael was ousted in 1947, ruling ever since; of pneumonia; in Bucharest (see THE WORLD).

Died. Lieut. General Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, 68, dashing British war hero and husband of Novelist Daphne du Maurier, who in World War II organized the crack Red Devils paratroop division, then led them in their valiant but disastrous attempt to seize and hold the Arnhem bridgehead in 1944, after the war served as the royal household's controller and treasurer until his retirement in 1959; of a heart attack; in Cornwall, England.

Died. Nancy Cunard, 68, great-granddaughter of the famed British ship line's founder, a London socialite turned bohemian who became an early crusader for Negro rights, moved to Harlem in 1932, where she published an 854-page anthology on Negro life and organized a campaign that helped the Scottsboro boys, seven Alabama Negroes convicted of raping two white girls, win Supreme Court reversal of their death sentences; in Paris.

Died. Dr. Clarence Evan Pickett, 80, Quaker humanitarian and head of the American Friends Service Committee for 21 years, who directed its relief programs for refugees in the Spanish Civil War, for Jews fleeing the Nazis, for the sick and hungry everywhere, thus earning the committee the 1947 Nobel Peace Prize; of a stroke; in Boise, Idaho. A pacifist to the last, Pickett picketed the White House in 1962 to protest U.S. nuclear policy minutes before entering to attend President Kennedy's dinner for Nobel laureates.

Died. Amos Alonzo Stagg, 102, patriarch of U.S. football; of uremia; in Stockton, Calif. (see SPORT).



**Bill Rogers' wife
is as hard as nails.**

**She makes her
husband rent
cars from
National to get
S&H Green Stamps.**

He does.



**How henpecked can
a man be? Right?**



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That's not being henpecked. That's being smart.**

National Car Rental



If you think flying's just for supermen, read how these ordinary automobile drivers Fly PIPER

CLAUDE R. ERICKSON, Livingston, Montana. "Four years ago, one nice Sunday, I followed an impulse and drove out to the local airport and took a flying lesson. One week later, I'd soloed. Sixty-one days later I had my private license. I guess I was as surprised as anybody to find myself a pilot at the age of 42. It gave my wife an idea, though, when she saw how easy it was. Now she's a pilot, too.

"After we both had a license, I bought a Piper Comanche. My banking business takes me all over the Northwest, and one 800-mile trip I make regularly each month now takes just half a day instead of two full ones. Occasionally, I've been in Minneapolis and Los Angeles in the same week.

"But the real thrill of flying is for pleasure. We've flown from Maine to Mexico, from Alaska to the Bahamas. We never would have done it if I hadn't followed that impulse. The last four years have been a whole new way of life for us. Flying is the most practical and pleasurable thing that I've ever done."

ARNOLD HOLT, Cos Cob, Connecticut. "I've always wanted to fly but, like lots of people, I guess I felt I needed an excuse to spend all that money. Well, we have a summer home in Maine where I'd like to spend more time, and my business travel is over 100,000 airline miles a year. Reason enough, I finally took the big step a year ago May and went to the nearest Piper dealer.

"Within six months I had a Private License and a twin-engine Piper Apache. I still use the airlines for the long hauls, but the Apache handles most business trips and we now measure time to Maine in minutes instead of hours.

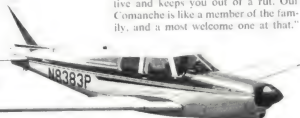
"As for 'all that money,' flying just isn't that expensive when compared with lots of other hobbies...and what you can get out of them in usefulness and enjoyment. Don't wait for an excuse. Do it!"

LAWRENCE SELIGMAN, Tamaqua, Pennsylvania. "I think you people are missing a bet when you keep talking about how great an airplane is for business, but the real reason I bought it is because it's so much fun. When I first started flying three years ago I had the usual idea that it would fill a vital need in my sales organization. I soon discovered that my flying also amounted to real solid family recreation. A new way of life opened up for my wife and me and our two youngsters.

"Our neighbors probably think we're a little nuts, but we hop in our Comanche on a Saturday morning and head for Canada, or Cape Hatteras, or Martha's Vineyard and relax. When we get back home Sunday my batteries are all recharged for a week's work.

"Does flying help my business? Certainly—but that's only half the story. Flying gives you a whole new perspective and keeps you out of a rut. Our Comanche is like a member of the family, and a most welcome one at that."

PIPER COMANCHE
One of the world's finest flying airplanes
Fast (195 mph), quiet, 4 seats four in luxury
Very easy to fly, automatic



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MORE PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT PIPERS THAN ANY OTHER PLANE IN THE WORLD

TIME, MARCH 26, 1965

SCIENCE

SPACE

Adventure into Emptiness

SEP. COVER

Tied to a capsule by a 16-ft. tether, the first human satellite whirled through the vacuum of space at 18,000 m.p.h. For ten minutes Soviet Cosmonaut Aleksei Arkhipovich Leonov drifted and spun through dreamlike gyrations while he followed the spaceship Vostkhod II in its swift, elliptical path around the distant earth. Then, as easily and efficiently as he had emerged from his ship, Leonov climbed back inside. After 15 more orbits, he and his comrade, Colonel Pavel Ivanovich Belyayev, began the long flight home.

With that brief solo excursion into hostile emptiness last week, Lieut. Colonel Leonov took man's first tentative step down the long and dangerous track that he must travel before he truly conquers space. Circling the earth in a sealed and well-provisioned capsule has been demonstrated to be well within human capabilities, but the moon will never be explored, to say nothing of Mars and the other planets, unless fragile men learn to function in the outside vacuum where no earth-born organisms are naturally equipped to live.

Leonov's short "stroll" into personal orbit was one of the most remarkable achievements of the remarkable age of space. The Soviet success, said Kurt Debus, German-born director of the John F. Kennedy Space Center, "points to sophistication in manufacturing, computers, metallurgy, ballistics, space medicine and the pure sciences. This effort proved in one stroke their standing in all these fields."

Characteristic Prudence. Well aware that their cosmonaut would be exposing his vulnerable body to several kinds of sudden death, the Russian space officials were characteristically prudent. Only when he was safely back aboard the Vostkhod II did they announce the flight and release TV pictures of his lofty acrobatics so that the world could get a guarded glimpse of the wildest space fantasy made real.

Dim and probably purposely fuzzy shots showed the round white top of a helmet poking slowly out of a hatch. Then came the visored face of a man, followed by his shoulders and his arms. He seemed to push something away with his left hand before he moved his left arm back and forth as if to test its freedom. He reached for a hand rail, and quickly his entire body came clear of the hatch. Now it could be seen that he was dressed in a bulky pressure suit, with cylinders strapped on his back and a thick cable twisting behind him.

The camera followed as Leonov tumbled and turned through casual somersaults while the curving edge of the distant, sunlit earth supplied a moving backdrop. Next came TV shots of



COSMONAUT LEONOV EMERGING FROM VOSKHOD II
A glimpse of fantasy made real.

Vostkhod's interior, with Leonov relaxing next to Capsule Commander Belyayev. Light streaming through a porthole showed the spacecraft to be revolving at about one revolution per minute.

Embarrassing Shadow. After the TV came the standard publicity—the proud public announcements, the canned biographies of the cosmonauts. If it seemed stodgy and unsophisticated compared with the hoopla that surrounds U.S. space shots, the Russian performance was still perfectly timed. Vostkhod trailed behind it an embarrassing shadow that seemed to darken the spring sunlight over Florida's Cape Kennedy.

The planned U.S. Gemini shot dwindled in significance as Leonov's impressive feat added another first to the lengthening list that reminds the world how far the Russians are ahead in manned-space flight. Items:

- First earth satellite, Sputnik I, Oct. 4, 1957.
- First satellite to carry an animal, Sputnik II, Nov. 3, 1957.
- First photograph of hidden side of the moon, Lunik III, launched Oct. 18, 1959.
- First man in space, Yuri Gagarin, April 12, 1961.
- First double launching, Andrian Nikolayev and Pavel Popovich, Aug. 11, Aug. 12, 1962.
- First woman in space, Valentina Tereshkova, June 16, 1963.
- First three-man satellite, Vladimir Komarov, Konstantin Feoktistov, Boris Yegorov, Oct. 12, 1964.

The Russians have lagged in the construction of the delicate instrumented craft that the U.S. puts up for communications, observing the weather, studying the sun, photographing the moon and probing the planets. But, as yet, the U.S. has nothing to match their powerful, reliable boosters and their spacious, multi-manned satellites. The whole

world was understandably impressed by the latest Soviet success.

Radar View. To be sure, Leonov did not take U.S. spacemen by surprise. They had been expecting a space spectacular for months: the sharp-eyed, long-range radars of the North American Air Defense Command watched the launch of the Vostkhod II and followed it on orbit. Forewarned that a hole might open in the side of the spacecraft, changing its reflectivity, the radar men watched the reflected blip with special attention. As expected, they saw an irregularity develop in the spacecraft's electronic "signature." That was the instant when Leonov opened the hatch.

It was never any secret that large Soviet spaceships such as the three-man Vostkhod I were capable of many more actions than they had accomplished. Because of the lack of a big booster to launch them, U.S. man-carrying capsules, including Gemini, are comparatively light and have to be pared to the bone to save fractions of ounces. The Vostkhods are roomy, and Soviet designers make the most of their space.

The chief Soviet space designer, a mysterious figure who is never identified, described his ship sketchily. To get out into space, he said, Leonov used an air lock, a chamber with airtight doors at both ends. When he crawled into it, Comrade Belyayev sealed the inner door tight, and Leonov presumably tested his space suit to see that it was working properly; then he cautiously loosened the outer door. Though it must have been rehearsed on earth over and over again, this was surely a moment of hideous crisis.

To wash his blood free of nitrogen that might bubble up and give him a fatal case of the bends, Leonov breathed pure oxygen for a while before he entered the lock. Now, enclosed in his space suit, he was still getting pure

oxygen at just about the pressure that he would breathe it on earth. As air escaped from the lock, the vacuum of space reached into it like a monster's claw. The oxygen in Leonov's suit tried to expand, and the suit inflated like a balloon. The cosmonaut must have listened anxiously for the hissing of tiny leaks. But all went well; he lunged open the outer door and was the first human to look the deadly vacuum full in the face.

Air locks are simple, straightforward devices: their relatives have been used for more than a century in underwater excavating. But to resist pressure, they must be bulky and fairly heavy. The cramped cabin of a U.S. Gemini has no room for them, and when the first U.S. astronaut ventures into emptiness, he will open a single hatch and expose the whole cabin to vacuum.

Autonomous or Umbilical. Much more interesting than the air lock, though, was Leonov's space suit. One Russian commentator called it "autonomous," which means that it is independent of the spaceship except for a simple tether. The pictures do show cylinders on Leonov's back that probably held oxygen, but the cable attaching him to the spaceship was thick enough to contain a good-sized oxygen tube. It may be an umbilical cord supplying oxygen from the spaceship's tanks, besides carrying wires for communication and telemetering. The tube could also carry away carbon dioxide from Leonov's breathing, water vapor from his perspiration and excess heat. The oxygen cylinders on his back may have been for emergency use.

Whether autonomous or not, the suit was well-insulated and covered with a white material to reflect all possible sun light, for maintaining tolerable tempera-

tures is one of the major problems in the design of space suits. Because sunlight in space is twice as strong as at the bottom of the atmosphere, and contains ultraviolet rays that quickly weaken many materials, the outer layer of a space suit must not only ward off light and heat, but must be proof against ultraviolet.

Almost as dangerous as radiant heat is the fearful cold of space, which strikes wherever an object is shadowed from the sun. If an astronaut stays long out of sunlight, as may be necessary on future space missions, his body heat will tend to leak away. Thus the outer layer must be made of material that does not radiate too much heat. The Russians have not told what they use for a space-suit coating, only that it is white.

Another serious space-suit problem is flexibility. Contrast between the pressure inside and the vacuum outside tends to make the suit as tight as a drumhead. To move at all, arms and legs must be fitted with accordion-like joints. To judge by his motions, Leonov could move his arms fairly freely, but his legs and torso seemed stiff and straight most of the time.

Weightless Work. The Russians announced that Leonov spent a total of 20 minutes in vacuum, took motion pictures, inspected the outside of the Voskhod II and did useful work. The TV sequences did not show all these actions, but work is not easy to do in weightless space. Even the simplest tools refuse to function when no weight can be brought to bear on them. If a weightless man tries to use a wrench, he is as likely to move himself as the bolt he is twisting.

Any work Leonov did was probably slight, and he may have inspected the ship by simply pushing off into space

and swinging around a little. Even then, he must have been careful not to push too hard; though weightless, he still had inertia and if he got moving too fast he could have swung against the side of the ship with a dangerous thump.

Only Leonov could tell whether his somersaults in space that entertained the world's TV viewers were intended or accidental. Spinning in weightlessness is easy; more important is the fact that it is hard to avoid. All the cosmonaut had to do while floating beside the ship was to push against it carelessly and he would have been bound to spin, and keep on spinning, until some external force such as the kinking of his line made him stop.

Space Wardrobe. The Russians are surely developing even more elaborate space suits than the one used by Leonov, for if they intend to land men on the moon they will need a wide spectrum of space clothing to meet different needs. One type of suit will be for use in true weightless space outside an orbiting satellite or interplanetary spacecraft. Before its wearer can hope to do useful jobs, such as helping to assemble a space station, he must have the ability to move from place to place. This will call for tanks of an easily controlled propellant, such as hydrogen peroxide, and a cluster of small-thrust nozzles pointing in different directions. A total of twelve will be needed to give complete control, enabling a working cosmonaut to move in all directions and control his rotation in pitch, roll and yaw.

If a space-suited man ventures any considerable distance from his home ship, he will probably have a larger nozzle thrusting backward to propel him to the length of a long, thin tether. It might seem simple enough for his comrades to reel him in by the tether when his work is over, but nothing in space is as simple as it seems. A recent study by U.S. scientists warns that a reeled-in astronaut will be lost or killed unless elaborate precautions are taken.

As he floats at the end of a rope ahead of a spaceship, an astronaut may seem motionless in respect to the mother satellite, but since he is moving with it on a 90-min. orbit around the earth, he will actually be circling around it once every 90 min. If he is reeled in, a simple principle of elementary physics (the conservation of angular momentum) will cause him to circle faster and faster as his tether shortens. This is the same force that makes a skater spin faster when he moves his arms down against his sides.

Dangerous speeds and forces develop quickly. If an astronaut is reeled in from 5,000 ft. away, he will speed up to 600 m.p.h. before he gets within 25 ft. of the ship, and the strain on his tether will rise to many tons. Assorted and intricate schemes have been suggested for the avoidance of this dangerous difficulty. But the day may come when an astronaut will break his tether and drift



MUSCOVITES CHEERING NEW SPACE HEROES
Another step on a dangerous track.

off into endless space because a comrade has reeled him in too fast.

Limberer for Lava. A suit designed for use in weightless space can include several hundred pounds of instruments, oxygen, propellant, cooling agent, tools and other supplies. The wearer will not feel the weight, only the inertial mass. For some missions his legs and torso will need little flexibility; they can stay stiff while the man works with his arms and moves around with his rocket thrusters.

But a suit for exploration of the moon presents different problems. It needs no built-in propulsion, but its limbs must be flexible to permit the wearer to clamber around on the moon's surface, which is probably covered in many places with chunks of rubble and unstable dusty slopes. One U.S. astronaut recently put on a moon-exploration space suit and stumbled across a lava bed in Oregon. He found the knees too stiff for such work and the suit is being made more limber.

U.S. space-suit plans call for exchangeable equipment: a massive propulsive back-pack for use in weightless space, and lighter suits emphasizing oxygen and cooling apparatus for exploring the moon. These suits have not reached the rigorous testing stage, in which men will wear them in a vacuum chamber under the glare of simulated space radiation. Less ambitious suits for emerging from Gemini capsules are farther advanced. Like the suit worn by Leonov, they will carry their own oxygen and cooling equipment and also trail an umbilical cord as an extra safety measure. They are designed to support life in a vacuum for several hours, and U.S. space-suit experts, who were deeply impressed by the pictures of Leonov's brief excursion, suspect that his suit could do the same.

Orbiting Station. It may not be long before Russian cosmonauts have the capability of doing serious work in space—which will be needed on their chosen lunar route. Present U.S. plans call for a giant rocket that will push astronauts near the moon, then send a part of the vehicle into lunar orbit. The Russians seem to be leaning toward the orbiting-platform concept promoted for years by German-born Dr. Werner von Braun, who is now Director of the Marshall Space Flight Center at Huntsville, Ala.

The platform will be put together gradually while circling on an earth orbit, its parts and supplies carried up by rockets of reasonable size. A vehicle designed for flight in a vacuum will be assembled and fueled aloft, and after it is fully checked out, its trained crew will arrive. When it takes off for the moon, the vehicle will not need much extra thrust since the platform on which it stands is already moving around the earth at 18,000 m.p.h. The ship's structure can be light since it will not have to battle its way through the dense lower atmosphere.



REUNION OF SOVIET TRAILBLAZERS
Another first on a lengthening list.

This strategy has many technical points in its favor, and it may have special appeal to the propaganda-gearred Russians. The orbiting space platform will be highly visible: after the sun and the moon, it may be the most conspicuous thing in the sky. For years while the Russians reach for the moon, their busy platform will impress billions of people on the earth below.

Maternal Glory. Not until Russian policies change will the full story of Leonov and Belyayev's flight become common knowledge. Only the lives of the cosmonauts themselves got a colorful airing. Leonov, now 30, was born in the village of Imsyanka in the Kuznetsk coal-mining region of Siberia, where his mother earned the Order of Maternal Glory, First Class, for her family of nine. In 1948 his parents moved to Kaliningrad (formerly Königsberg in East Prussia), which had been abandoned by its German masters.

After finishing school in 1953, Leonov was sent by the Young Communist League to flying school at Chuguyev, near Kharkov, where he made 115 parachute jumps, became a parachute instructor, and was one of the first pilots to be selected for training as a cosmonaut. He was courting the girl whom he was to marry when he learned that he might be sent on a novel and very difficult mission. Told that the mission would not interfere with his marriage, he signed up enthusiastically.

Press accounts described him as a man of notable endurance, coolness and high discipline, and they went into unusual rhapsodies about his physical perfection. Said *Izvestia*: "Connoisseurs of bodily beauty, the ancient Greeks would surely have judged his build as athletic."

Belyayev, 39, and the oldest cosmonaut who has yet flown in space, was born in the Vologda region east of Leningrad. As a child he skied three miles to school and tried at 16 to join the ski troops in the war with Nazi Germany.

Rejected as too young, he worked in a factory for two years, then went into training in the Red air force where he taught as a pilot for the rest of the war. He was studying at the air force academy when he was selected for cosmonaut training, and he astonished space physicians with the punishment he could take in centrifuge tests. At one time they stopped the machine for fear that he had gone too far. But Belyayev was undamaged.

He was not, however, wholly invulnerable. During parachute training he broke a leg. The double fracture healed slowly, and he feared he would be washed out of cosmonaut training. His father, a rural physician, prescribed weight-lifting to rebuild the damaged leg—and eventually it grew strong enough to pass examination.

All Experiments. Such hero biographies, not unfamiliar in the U.S., help not at all in evaluating the flight of the Vostok II. The TV pictures of Leonov outside the spaceship might have told much more, but they seemed to have been deliberately thrown out of sharpness, as well as cut. If Leonov experienced any kind of trouble the pictures did not show it, and official announcements about the flight were as formal as if carved in stone. "The ship's systems functioned normally," said a spokesman, "and the two cosmonauts completed all scientific experiments assigned to them."

Political leaders of the U.S.S.R. appeared on TV applauding the flight. But there was none of the gay banter of one of Nikita Khrushchev's conversations with orbiting cosmonauts. Party Chief Leonid I. Brezhnev picked up a white telephone and did his laudatory. "We applaud you," he said to the Vostok II. "We await you in Moscow." Congratulatory messages arrived from

PROFESSOR Leonov, COSMONAUT Belyayev, NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV, and other officials.

all over the world. The Pope and President Johnson both offered applause.

In the end, though, it was clear that not everything went as planned with Voskhod II. Its takeoff was normal, then it soared into a slightly more elliptical orbit than is usual for manned satellites, rising to 307.5 miles above the earth at apogee. Leonov took his vacuum stroll during the second orbit, when, as the Russians patriotically pointed out, he was over Russian soil. Then the spacecraft made 15 more orbits around the earth, followed all the while by U.S. trackers.

Down in Perm. First hint of any kind of trouble came when Russian radio and TV said nothing about the flight for more than eight hours. Finally came the announcement, four hours

men will drown or that their ship will sink if not picked up promptly. Storms do not corrugate the land with dangerous waves, as they do the sea, and if the spacecraft drops into an unscheduled spot, there are generally at least a few local people to report its descent and help the crewmen. Perhaps the greatest advantage is that a spacecraft designed for a ground landing does not have to carry flotation gear or be made waterproof.

The Russians have not been communicative about their landing methods. Their early cosmonauts were apparently ejected when they neared earth; they landed by personal parachutes, letting the empty capsules hit the ground hard. At the ends of other flights, they seem to have stayed on board, as U.S. astro-

ing controls himself, but whether this action was planned or was forced by some failure of the automatic-landing system was not made clear.

The ship was said to have made a soft touchdown on deep snow, with the aid of parachutes. Newspapers described its flaming descent through the atmosphere and discussed the loss of radio contact when an antenna burned off. But all this is normal. It was the long silence after landing that was ominous. Then word came that the cosmonauts were safe. Yuri Gagarin, Russia's space pioneer, talked to them by telephone and reported that "they are completely healthy." Whatever had gone wrong on the last, dangerous trajectory that led back to earth had apparently not detracted from the overall accomplishment of that spectacular flight.

New Look at the Cape

All week Cape Kennedy lived with tension as its spacemen worked toward the countdown of Gemini-Titan 3, the long-awaited two-man orbital flight that would take U.S. astronauts John Young and Gus Grissom past a significant milestone in their reach for the moon. Then came the news from Russia—a neatly timed reminder of the Soviets' continuing lead in the race to set man free from the confines of his own world.

Gloom descended over the Cape. The sound of disappointment ranged from profanity to polite and frustrated Pollyannity. But if all of Kennedy's arcane hardware, and all its dedicated scientists, seemed suddenly to have been eclipsed, U.S. missilemen did not stoop to hide either their present discouragement or their future plans. At Russia's spaceport near Baikonur, Kazakhstan, all operations are covered with cautious secrecy; even newsmen rarely get near the place. Space shots are never announced until they are aloft and functioning well. Failures are muffled behind a wall of security. The Cape, by contrast, is open, frank and plainly visible.

Overgrown Igloos. If there was any immediate benefit from the Russian stroll in space, it was the promise that in its urge to catch up, Congress would almost surely loosen the purse strings that have been tightening on the U.S. astronomical budget. And the availability of money has always been a measure of the Cape's success. After a disheartening failure, the answer has usually been: Tear down the old gantry. Toss out the old design. Build a new rocket. Hang the expense. Get the job done.

The result is a landscape of the future, so endlessly and rapidly renewing itself that it is almost beyond the capacity of ordinary mortals to keep up. For an expenditure that has so far soared to \$1.75 billion, the U.S. has covered the sandy bulge of the waist of Florida with an architectural fantasy that began with the now familiar



APOLLO PROJECT'S DEVICE TO SIMULATE MOON LANDING
The hardware may make the difference.

after the event, that the cosmonauts had guided their ship to a perfect landing near the city of Perm, 750 miles northeast of Moscow. This is hilly, forested country on the western slope of the Urals, and much more hazardous than the barren, level steppes of Kazakhstan, where Soviet spacemen usually touch down.

Still, landing on firm ground, instead of the warm oceans where U.S. astronauts dunk themselves, has its advantages. The Russians may do it primarily because they possess vast areas of flat and almost uninhabited territory, but they also prefer it. A spacecraft that descends too fast will hit the ground with little more impact than if it hits water. And survival on solid ground is a lesser problem than after a water landing. There is no chance that the

nauts do, while the ships landed beneath bigger and better parachutes. Retro-rockets have also been used to check a ship's speed as it nears the ground. The three-man spaceship Voskhod I used this method with great success. Its designers were so sure that the soft landing would work that they gave the crew no parachutes or protective clothing.

Apparent Error. If any Soviet spacecraft has gone astray and landed on an ocean or other inhospitable spot, the world has not been told about it. Last week's landing near Perm was the first apparent error. A late report said that Colonel Belyayev fired his retro-rockets while over Africa to check the ship's speed and start it curving down toward the earth. He was said to be the first Soviet spaceman to take over the land



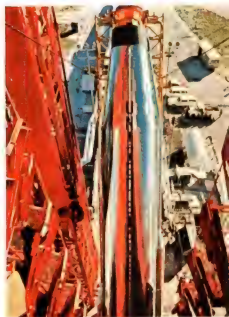
CAPE KENNEDY'S TOWERS, all in a row, are milestones on the road to space. Smaller structures in background were used for early space probes; the Project Mercury

astronauts, for example, were launched from Complex 14, fifth from bottom. Larger towers in distance are for larger payloads and early stages of Apollo moon project.



PRESENT GENERATION of space vehicles are adaptations of Air Force hardware. Above and at right, an Atlas-Agena rocket is hoisted into

position to carry a Ranger spacecraft on another photographic mission to the moon. Pad was also the departure point for the Mariner Venus probe.





REACH FOR THE MOON is being carried out in short grasps. At Complex 20, shown above, technicians work on Titan III behind tarpaulins hung to protect equipment from

rain and salt air. Sheel, which was successful, sent into orbit a mockup of the vehicle designed to land on the moon, put its propulsion apparatus through its complicated paces.

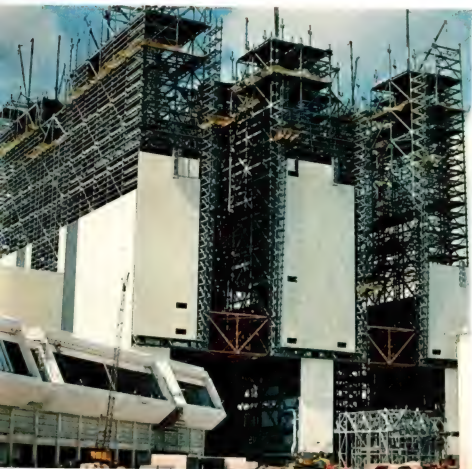
ROCKET ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS were put up by Air Force, which is developing Titan IIIC as a multipurpose workhorse at new installation on land dredged out of the Banana River, northwest of Cape Kennedy. One future objective is a manned, orbiting space laboratory.



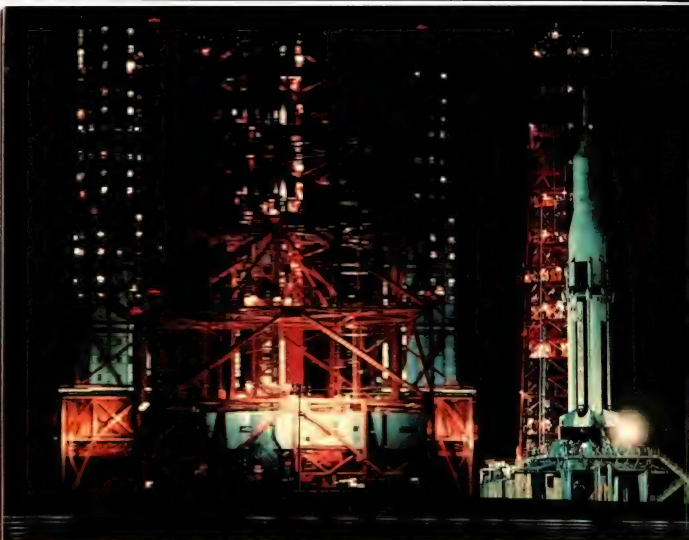
MOBILE LAUNCH TOWERS give new look to NASA installation on Merritt Island, adjacent to Cape Kennedy. Crawler-transporter in

foreground can pick up 445-ft. towers, complete with Saturn V rockets—a total load of 12 million lbs.—and move them to launch pads.

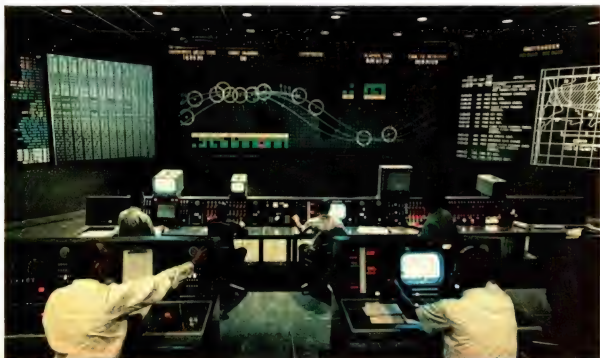




IMMENSE CONTROL BOOTH
in foreground will be operations
center during testing and blast-
off of moon-bound Saturn Vs,
which will be assembled in 525-
ft.-high building on NASA's new
Merritt Island space facility.



CARRYING A DUMMY MOON CAPSULE, SATURN I IS READIED FOR FIRING AS LIGHTED GANTRY STANDS ASIDE. CONSOLES READY. CAPE KENNEDY MISSION CONTROL CENTER REHEARSES FOR TWO-MAN GEMINI SHOT.



pattern of old Cape Kennedy proper: the bending, haking shoreline, the line of steel launching towers covered with red, rustproofing paint, the overgrown concrete igloos, blastproof behind 2-ft-thick steel doors.

And over Cape Kennedy's northwest shoulder, a new landscape is taking shape. Its principal feature is the tall, white, broad-hipped barn for rocket assembly (see color pages); its major contribution is the application of U.S. assembly-line genius on a gargantuan scale.

Converted Germans. All the rapid changes that are commonplace on the Cape simply reflect the rapid growth of U.S. missilery. In the beginning, out among the mosquitoes and the palm-trees, there were only some captured German rockets and such converted German scientists as Wernher von Braun and Kurt Debus. Of those paleolithic days, few relics remain at the Cape except a blue-painted, Maltese-crossed V-1 buzz bomb, and Debus, now NASA's Kennedy Space Center director. In 1961, Mercury Astronauts Shepard, Grissom, Glenn, Carpenter, Schirra and Cooper began blasting off. After his 22 orbits, Cooper splashed down in the Pacific nearly two years ago, on May 16, 1963—and even the Mercury program is now ancient history. The only landmarks left for the hordes of tourists who roll through the spaceport is a memorial Mercury-type gantry and a stainless-steel monument shaped like the symbol for the planet Mercury (♿) with a "7" in the loop. It stands at the entrance to Pad 14 where Glenn & Co. embarked.

Pad 14 itself—like all active pads at the Cape—is simply too busy to look back. Even the establishment of a new, \$170 million NASA Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston will not diminish its activity. What is moving to Houston is administrative control and planning of manned space missions, the training of astronauts, and—beginning with the second Gemini shot scheduled for this fall—ground control of manned missions. But the place the missions will blast off from will still be the sandy flatland around Cape Kennedy. And until NASA's Saturn rocket is operational, the Air Force will continue to provide adaptations of its defense-developed missiles to do the blasting.

Nowadays, on the average of once every three weeks a tractor drags a bright yellow trailer onto the base; on the trailer lies a metallically glistening Atlas-Agena rocket, or a massive, white-painted Air Force Titan III, or a long-necked Thor-Delta.

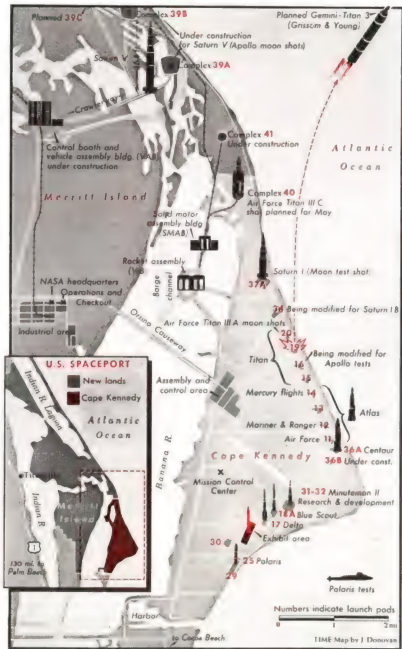
Spidery Wires. The trailer backs up to the base of a gantry: cables are attached, and up comes the payload, trailer and all. When the bird is snugged into its red iron nest, the trailer is peeled off and trundled away. White tarpsaulins drop over the missile's exposed side to keep off rain and the Cape's corrosive salt mists. Inside, casually competent en-

gineers and technicians in white hard hats begin to spin the spidery wires and connect the delicate electronic mechanisms that will control the bird. Capsule specialists poise their instrument-packed pod atop the rocket to check it out. If all goes well, fuel specialists attach the plumbing that will fill the projectile's maw with explosive cargoes of liquid oxygen and kerosene, or intractable liquid hydrogen.

Advanced as the process sounds, it is already at the point of becoming routine and outdatedly slow—good enough for such bread-and-butter missions as relaying messages, photographing the moon, measuring micrometeoroid im-

pact, sending space vehicles past Venus and Mars, monitoring radiation and watching the earth's weather. For the first manned Gemini mission, scientists have bred a new generation of fuels designated "hypergolic"—powerful liquids that explode on contact with one another but require no delicate refrigeration for storage.

Varied Thrust. For later missions, the Air Force is rushing to complete its \$127 million Titan III complex on a long, skinny sandbar dredged out of the blue-green Banana River. When it goes into production this spring, the first stop on the assembly line will be in what Air Force spacemen call the VIB (for Ver-



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tical Integration Building). There, in four identical 180-ft. bays, technicians will be able to assemble a quartet of the Air Force's versatile new Titan III rockets. When one is finished and checked, a pair of railroad locomotives will pick it up between them and lug it to the next building down the line, the SMAB (Solid Motor Assembly Building). At this point, solid fuel motors of varying degrees of thrust will be strapped onto the sides of the liquid-fueled Titan.

Again the trains will pick up the rocket, this time to carry it to one of two widely separated launch pads for blast-off. Thus, on a two-pad complex, the Air Force will be capable of readying eight rockets at once. The first specific



KURT DEBUS

Tear down. Toss out. Start afresh.

objective of such increased speed and efficiency is to put a three-man space laboratory into orbit around the earth.

Cheops-Sized. Beyond the Banana River, NASA is building new production-line facilities on 88,000 newly purchased acres on Merritt Island as part of its Apollo project to reach the moon. Their specifications are so superlative-studded as to strain belief. The 552-ft. Vehicle Assembly Building (VAB), for example, will have four rocket assembly bays behind the tallest doors in the world, and more interior volume than the Great Pyramid of Cheops, or the Pentagon and Merchandise Mart combined. It will be so big inside that its air must be kept in constant motion to keep clouds from forming and rain from falling. The mobile launch towers on which the rockets will be assembled are taller than a 30-story building; the crawler-transporters that will carry them have a flat back half the size of a football field, and a cab boasting the biggest windshield wipers in the world.

In action, the crawler will carry an empty tower into the VAB. Complete with the combination of capsules and vehicles needed to travel to the moon and back, the giant Saturn V will be put together—taller than the tallest building

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Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



EVERYONE knows that the challenge to individuals when business is bad separates the men from the boys very quickly. But when times are good, there is a completely different challenge.

A good business year has a way of subtly undermining the concentration of normally competent people. Knowing that business has been good and is likely to stay that way, they may tend to relax their grip. Decisions may become a shade less careful. They may spend a bit less time on cost reductions or watching expenses.

We think the competent people understand that in any year the best level of earnings and profits comes when a business "runs lean." But a good business climate provides the best possible backdrop for significant improvement if the business continues to "run lean."

We ask our managers to realize that in good times, many of the people who report to them could show a tendency to relax. It is up to them to keep these employees alert and on their toes through every means available, not the least of which is setting a personal example.

We're convinced that such efforts to control the business, to "run lean," will and do reflect themselves in a most important way in an important place—year-end results.

Demonstrating the advantages of a product believably through the printed page sometimes poses a difficult problem. The people charged with the promotion of our Rockwell SR water meters were stumped recently by the task of showing just how easy it is to disassemble and reassemble one of these meters for servicing. Until one of them hit on the idea of having the task performed by a thirteen-year-old girl, who assembled six such meters in fifteen minutes. The problem in believability came after that though when her six-year-old brother accomplished the same thing.

Because it isn't found very often in the average home, few people think about compressed air as a "fuel" for powering machines. Our designers and engineers think about it a great deal, however, in producing new ideas and tools for our Buckeye line of air tools in the Rockwell Power Tool Division. Their newest devices are two new Buckeye horizontal air grinders for production grinding and deburring operations, die finishing and jig cleanup work. Added versatility accrues when they are used with abrasive wheels, mounted points, rotary files, cutters and abrasive rolls.

One of the rewards in this business is to see how many of our people keep proving there's room for innovation, even in the more routine segments of our business. Some time ago, we were asked to bid on 90,000 of our Rockwell Sealed Register water meters for shipment to South America. We were able to take the order subsequently because one of our traffic men departed from the "usual" approach to the shipping problem, looked for and found a newly introduced method of packing and shipping these meters that materially reduced cost of shipment. His creative approach to the challenge resulted in a profitable sale.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

in Florida. When the rocket is ready, the transporter will lift it and its launch tower, and clank onto a special crawlway, as wide as the New Jersey Turnpike and almost 8 ft. thick (to support the 17.5-million-lb. combined weight of the transporter and its load).

At a lumbering 1 m.p.h., the clanking monster will haul the rocket over 3.5 miles of roadway, carry it up an inclined ramp, and deposit it over a flame bucket that looks like a battleship's drydock. There the Saturn will be fueled, tested, and fired from a control room back at the assembly building. If all goes according to plan, the noise caused by 7,500,000 lbs. of howling thrust will



GEMINI'S YOUNG & GRISSOM

No time to look back.

dissipate to safe levels over the empty spaces of Merritt Island. "It will be only 115 to 120 decibels," says Debus. "Well within known medical tolerances." The cost: \$1 billion.

Fighting Chance. With a realism born of expertise, Debus predicts an imminent Russian attempt at in-flight rendezvous of two orbiting capsules. He concedes that the Russians might succeed in making a flight around the moon before the American space effort catches up. "But a lunar landing requires very different hardware," he insists. "We have a fighting chance to make a landing on the moon before they do."



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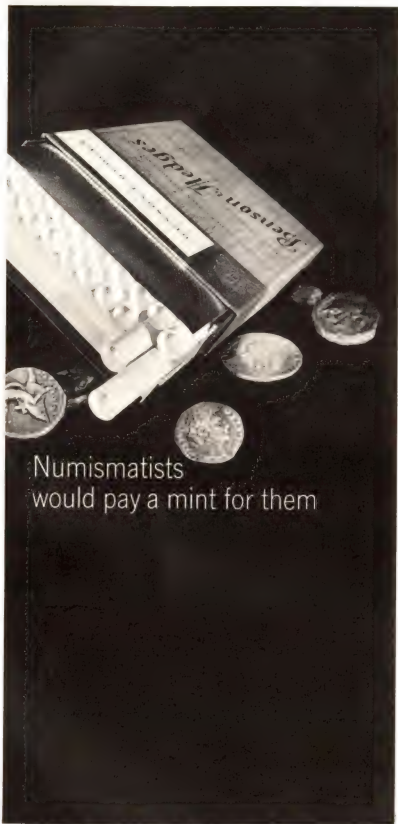
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CINEMA

Lococommotion

The Train. The setting is occupied Paris in August 1944. With the Allied liberation at hand, an ascetic Nazi colonel (Paul Scofield) orders his troops into the Jeu de Paume Museum to crate up Van Goghs, Utrillos, Manets, Cézannes, Picassos—altogether some 1,200 impressionist and postimpressionist canvases, destined for a rail trip to Berlin. "Beauty belongs to the man who can appreciate it," says Scofield. Given secret orders to stop the train, a French railroad inspector and



SCOFIELD & LANCASTER IN "TRAIN"
For Manet, with muscles.

Resistance leader (Burt Lancaster) at first refuses, insisting: "I won't waste lives on paintings."

Thus this action melodrama, based on an actual incident, pretends to concern itself with a moral problem: whether to save the masterworks or spare the men. It must have seemed a dull question to Director John Frankenheimer, who simply shunts morality onto a siding and concentrates on the conflict between a fanatic villain and an athletic hero, playing tug of war with real trains. The results are exhilarating, but only in a muscular way.

As a hero, Lancaster slides down embankments, scales walls and leaps on and off cannonballing locomotives, spurning all stunt-man fakery. But not for a moment does he seem to be a French patriot named Labiche, and *Train* slows to a crawl when he abruptly turns culture-conscious, exhorting his comrades in rah-team dialogue to risk their necks for art: "It's our national heritage—the glory of France!" To make Lancaster's accent less obtrusive, the voices of Michel Simon and other French conspirators are poorly dubbed into working-class Americanese. Scofield, a gaunt attention-getter in accented English, lends his conventional role some force. Jeanne Moreau, as the

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hardheaded innkeeper who helps Lancaster to relax between trains, has little to do and does it deftly.

When outdoor commotion is uppermost, which means most of the time, Director Frankenheimer barrels along on a track that really wails. The air train steams toward, then away from, the German border, cunningly diverted by a Resistance plot that disguises whole villages along the route. It squeaks through a spectacular 50-second bombing raid in which a Nazi armored train is pulverized—a scene achieved with 140 charges of dynamite, nine cameras, several dozen expendable engines and boxcars purchased from French National Railroads, and considerable ingenuity on the part of Special Effects Ace Lee Zavitz (who arranged the burning of Atlanta in 1939's *Gone With the Wind*). Another stunning pile-up is followed by regularly scheduled derailments, all studied with a fond eye for the mechanics of sabotage. At last, face to face beside a clutter of wooden crates and human bodies, the two foes meet in what is clearly intended as a moment of supreme dramatic irony. But *The Train* never achieves irony. It is too busy brandishing its iron.

African Odyssey

A Boy Ten Feet Tall, handicapped by a title that suggests a doggedly inspirational outing for the very young, offers more enchantment per reel than most movies of twice its ambitions. This fresh, crackling and suspenseful African adventure story gives top billing to Veteran Edward G. Robinson, who holsters the fun with his strong-est performance in years.

The plot, from a lively little novel by W. H. Canaway, tells of Sammy (Fergus McClelland), a ten-year-old lad whose British parents are killed by British bombers over Port Said during the 1956 Suez crisis. Sammy sets out alone on a 5,000-mile odyssey to Durban, South Africa, to find his aunt. He joins a Syrian peddler in the desert and, when the Syrian meets disaster, takes his mules and money and continues south. He eludes well-meaning tourists near Luxor, covers nearly 2,000 tense miles by boat, train and foot before he falls in with a grizzled old diamond poacher (Robinson) whose wilderness hideout looks like paradise enough for any boy of ten or man of 60.

Director Alexander Mackendrick keeps a tight hold on the story, smoothly matching it to the rhythm and color of strange locales—from teeming river ports to the wild game country where Sammy spends one dark African night silhouetted in a treetop, loudly and desperately singing "Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?" But young McClelland projects courage without cuteness, and he is aided by consistently pungent dialogue. Forced to cope with the adult world, Sammy grows tough and wily, even puts on a bit, as when he embroiders details of his life at Port



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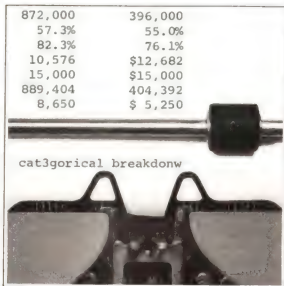
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Staid: "We had lots of servants in baggy silk trousers—one was an ex-cunuch." In the simple, gruffly tender relationship between the stray orphan and the fugitive hound, *Boy* combines the charm of Huck Finn with the ruggedness of a Hemingway safari.

Off-Told Tale

The Overcoat. In Nikolai Gogol's short story, as in this brief and virtually flawless film from Russia, Akaky Akakievich is a hunched, squinty-eyed pen-pusher, ridiculed at his office, who all winter long must suffer the cold winds of St. Petersburg whipping through his gauze thin overcoat. Compelled to buy a new one at painful cost, he talks to it, sleeps with it, defends it against a threatening moth. Next day, miraculously, Akaky Akakievich and his overcoat create a sensation at work. His former tormentors are now backslapping friends; he is even invited to a champagne party. But on the way home that night, ruffians accost Akakievich, steal his coat and with it his reason for existence. Again friendless, the cipher succumbs to madness and death; yet his ghost remains, seizing the coat collars of stolid St. Petersburgers to remind them that humanity is more than appearances.

Roland Bykov, best known in Russia as a stage director, is perfectly cast as Akakievich, and Aleksei Batalov, who was an actor in such films as *Nine Days of One Year* and *The Cranes Are Flying*, directs the film as a memorable character portrait, faithful in spirit and



BYKOV IN "OVERCOAT"
From Gogol, with fidelity.

exquisite in detail. Looking like a wistful hand-carved troll, Bykov is gently hilarious when he first ventures out to show off his coat, cautiously dodging snowflakes, and ineffably tragic later as he stumbles through the white night mourning his loss at every window. Everything is right with *The Overcoat*, except that its literal old-fashioned excellence may seem so familiar that moviegoers will mistake it for a revival. Earlier film versions of Gogol's story include *The Last Laugh*, a German silent classic starring Emil Jannings, and *The Bespoke Overcoat*, British Director Jack Clayton's Oscar-winning short of 1956. It is rewarding, apparently, to remake a durable *Overcoat*.



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BOOKS

More Blood, Less Iron

BISMARCK by Werner Richter. 420 pages. Putnam. \$6.95.

He was a chub-cheeked country boy, with sly blue eyes, reddish-blond hair and a face, as he described it, "like a young girl with a bit of a moustache." Such was the appearance of the greatest German of his time. Otto von Bismarck made Prussia dominant in Germany and Germany dominant in Europe. He has inspired a shelf of biographies but remains essentially a riddle. Was he a selfless hero or a scheming tyrant?

Bismarck was quite a bit of both but, above all, a much misjudged figure, argues Werner Richter, a German biographer who has written books on everyone from *Ludwig II to Abraham Lincoln*. Instead of painting Bismarck black or white—Prussia's royal colors—Richter sees him as an eminently human creature given to occasional flirtation, frequent psychosomatic ailments, fits of weeping, and almost constant self-doubt. For 30 years, the man who first said that "politics is the art of the possible" manipulated the events of a continent simply because he knew how to manipulate people. The Iron Chancellor, in Richter's view, was one of history's nimblest con men.

Junkers & Jews. "Iron and blood" were his watchwords, but Bismarck just as often won his way by using bribery and bluster. Early in his expansionist program, France or even Italy could have stopped him from grabbing the other German states and tramping Aus-

tria. Bismarck scared off Napoleon III by threatening general war; that was mostly bluff, but the appeasing Napoleon was so racked with pain from bladder troubles that he scarcely knew what was going on. The Chancellor then bought off Italy's vain Victor Emmanuel by giving him the Order of the Black Eagle and promising him the port of Venice, which Bismarck had not yet wrested from the Austrians.

Bismarck was scornful of the forces that helped him most and disliked the people whom he most helped. "Nobody despises public opinion as I do," he said. Yet he shrewdly used public opinion, most notably by editing the famous Ems telegram to make it appear that the Kaiser had inexcusably affronted the French ambassador. Result: France felt compelled to declare war, and Germany conquered Alsace-Lorraine. While his generals were mounting history's first blitzkrieg, the Chancellor condemned their "criminal" sacrifice of manpower. He called their tactics "all fists and no head" and remarked that Prussia's only worthwhile militarists had been trained abroad.

Most surprisingly, Bismarck judged his fellow Junkers to be overly stiff and inbred. He recommended that they loosen up and get some *elan* by marrying Jews: an ideal match, he said, "would bring together a Christian stallion of German breed with a Jewish mare." His whole life was dedicated to making the once lowly Prussian monarchs the most powerful kings of Europe; yet he lied to them and fought with them, sneered that the Hohenzollerns were Johnny-come-latelies from Swabia.

Crashing Eagle. At the peak of his success, Bismarck met his most humiliating defeat. Feeble young Wilhelm II, surrounded by sycophants and homosexuals, fired him. Wilhelm lived to regret it. Bismarck's policy of ingenious opportunism required men of Bismarck's stature to continue to bring it off. Bismarck could see what was coming. Shortly before he died in 1898, slowly and painfully of gangrene, the lonely old man predicted that Prussia's eagle would be brought to earth within 20 years. That is, by 1918.

Descent into Abaddon

THE FAMILY MOSKAT by Isaac Bashevis Singer. 611 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

Isaac Singer, who was born in Poland and now lives in New York, has been comfortably labeled the greatest living master of Yiddish prose—a judgment that is a kind of dismissal. But *The Family Moskat*, unavailable for many years and now reissued, makes clear his right to stand among the important contemporary novelists of any creed or any language.

Its setting is ostensibly remote—Warsaw's 600-year-old ghetto. And Singer's



NOVELIST SINGER

With neither regret nor reproach.

novel might be read only as a superbly vivid chronicle of its last years, from just before World War I, when dwarfs still sold whips for naughty children in the streets, to the outbreak of World War II, when its destroyed people stared into its shattered ruins as if into Abaddon, the bottomless pit of hell.

But it is also a story of what has been lost in the passing of a stable old way of life—and what was gained and not gained by the new. This equation is viewed with neither regret nor reproach. The story is principally told through its varied, vivid characters. Reb Meshulam Moskat is a patriarch with a talent for victory, who manages his business and his family with a high, old-fashioned hand. But not without opposition. "I spin and I spin and nothing comes of it. I've had two wives, seven children, given out dowries, supported sons-in-law. It's cost me millions! And what have I got? A bunch of enemies, gluttons, parasites." His moody granddaughter, one of the new wave, reads Strindberg, rejects the suitor whom the old man selects for her. She chooses defiantly an impecunious intellectual who talks but cannot act, who admits he is "without God, without a goal, without a skill," who has spent his life running away from life. He marries her, fathers her child, ends by neglecting them both. But when the Germans attack Warsaw in 1939, "the eternal deserter" chooses to remain with his people, to accept life by accepting death.

Author Singer's deep-running narrative makes a microcosm of the Warsaw ghetto. Reminiscent in scope of the great Russian novels of the 19th century, his novel moves with the leisure of abundance—eddy, eddy, pausing, plunging. Its surface ripples with passages of delicate description, trenchant dialogue and precisely observed detail; its depths roll forward with the heavy, hidden surge of life itself.

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book exploits its period to reveal the agonized encounter of traditional Judaism and contemporary reality. Solution there is none. But the reader will better understand what it means to be a Jew—or a man. "Never fear the sensational, the perverse, the pathological, the mystical," says Singer. "Life has no exceptions."

The Well-Wrought Churn

TWO BROTHERS by Philip Toynbee.
158 pages; Harper & Row. \$6.

*Oh, enigmatic, labored Toynbee,
twisting time in the prism of
memory*

*into strange, unnaturally, artificial
frames of furry verse!*

*Quelle raison for this Audenesque
acrostic?*

To justify a common tale of self.

Of such is the verse form Author Toynbee has invented "after many experiments" to carry the narrative of his



NOVELIST TOYNEE

Too preoccupied for passion.

eighth novel, ostensibly the reminiscences of an old Anglo-Norwegian attempting in the year 1999 to recapture and finally comprehend the essence of a brother who died in 1936. Lest the reader fail to appreciate Toynbee's poetic virtuosity, Toynbee provides a pretentious introductory gloss that is almost a recipe. Take "first a very long and discursive line of anything between 25 and 35 syllables (but never either more or less), followed by two lines of five stressed syllables each." The first line must be finely chopped into "purely descriptive and richly adjectival," the second "pared to the bone, neat and direct," the third a dream or memory. And so on.

This exotically self-styled chef d'oeuvre has been shaken well, with generous borrowings from Auden and Dylan Thomas in style and imagery, sprinkled liberally with French and German phrases, and overgarished with italics in all the most hortatory places. The result is intended to serve as "a mosaic of insights, a constellation of enlightening moments" as the two



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brothers tour prewar Europe, from Bonn and its dueling societies to Paris and the Café des Espions.

But Toynbee, son of Historian Arnold Toynbee, and literary critic of the London Sunday Observer, has in fact got so preoccupied with his craft that he has left out the most essential ingredient of the poet's art: passion. Neither Dick Abberville, the old man re-creating in memory his long-dead elder brother Andrew, nor Andrew himself, part "Marvelous Boy," part "romantic ass in diplomatic dress," ever becomes compellingly alive or even psychologically distinct.

Moreover, many of the *Brothers'* allusions are rooted in Toynbee's first novel-in-poetry, *Pantaloen*, which was even less effective and provided at best an all-too-private mythology on which to draw. The most notable passages in the book ring like Toynbee's own experiences as a youth traveling in Europe in the '30s, raising the suspicion that the author's mannered tricks of demagogicality, time future, and exaggerated technique—even the device of the too nearly counterpointed brothers themselves, two peas split from the same psyche—are perhaps only artful foils permitting him to luxuriate disguised in that oldest literary indulgence of all: autobiography.

Also Current

PLATZO AND THE MEXICAN PONY RIDER by Theodore Isaac Rubin 176 pages, Trident \$4.95

As a reliable guide to the adolescent mind, Psychiatrist Rubin established his credentials in *Lisa and David*, the authentic case history of two youthful mental patients that was even better as the movie *David and Lisa*. This time the guide has thrown away his map. In the book's two unconnected episodes, he conducts a ramble through the thoughts of two 16-year-old boys who have nothing in common but an unrequited appetite for human contact. "Platzo" is the fantasy name that Arthur Turbitzky, a nice, repressed Jewish boy, bestows on himself, explaining to the reader "Platz means place in Jewish and German. It also means to burst." "The Mexican Pony Rider" is also a pseudonym; behind it, an unnamed juvenile delinquent prowls Manhattan, fancying himself a blend of pony-express rider ("Nothing hugged them") and Marlon Brando in *Viva Zapata!* These formless reveries might make source material for an analyst, who is paid to listen.

ONE DAY by Wright Morris, 433 pages, Atheneum, \$5.95

The formula used in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is here applied to an odd bunch of California misfits; the catastrophe they share is the news of President Kennedy's assassination. As the shock wave reverberates through their minds, Morris reveals the cracks and flaws of personality that in his view divide Americans from one another and



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MORRIS

Sermon in shallow waters.

thus make such a senseless outrage all too understandable. The book has the makings of a strong sermon: as a novel it runs aground within 50 pages in the shallows of its eccentric cast.

WHAT BECAME OF GUNNER ASCH by Hans Hellmut Kirst, 275 pages. Harper & Row. \$4.95

The way to survive in Hitler's army, as Hans Hellmut Kirst explained in his Gunner Asch trilogy, was to play the old army game. Now he explains how to survive in the new German army. Same way, but with a difference. Readers of the trilogy were amused to discover that Hitler's Wehrmacht had a silly side. The Bundeswehr, on the other hand, seems distant and dull.

THE JEALOUS GOD by John Braine. 286 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.95

No longer the Angry Young Man who wrote *Room at the Top*, Britain's John Braine here dabbles in religious sensibility. At 30, Vincent Dungarvan is still a mother's boy, a virginal Irish schoolmaster who likes music, poetry, teaching and, best of all, to keep safely within his ivory tower and dream, "a pleasure that couldn't commit him, couldn't puzzle him, couldn't humiliate him." Vincent's Mom, who keeps his house and conscience for him, wants him to embrace the priestly life. A green-eyed Protestant offers him something better to embrace. She is as unhappily married as he is unhappily single, and warily they begin an affair. It sours. Then, from complications arising out of their relationship, her weakening



BRAINE

Colloquy in an ivory tower.



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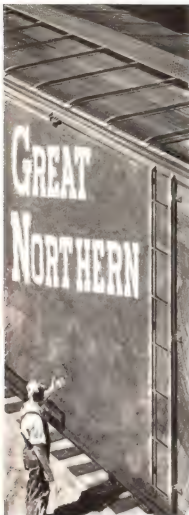
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husband kills himself. All obstacles mag-
ically removed, the lovers are reunited.
"It's bad," says one of Author Braine's
characters, discussing Francis Thomp-
son's *Hound of Heaven*. "It's supposed
to be about God, but actually it's about
sex." Speak for yourself, John.

FUNERAL IN BERLIN by Len Deighton
312 pages. Putnam. \$4.95

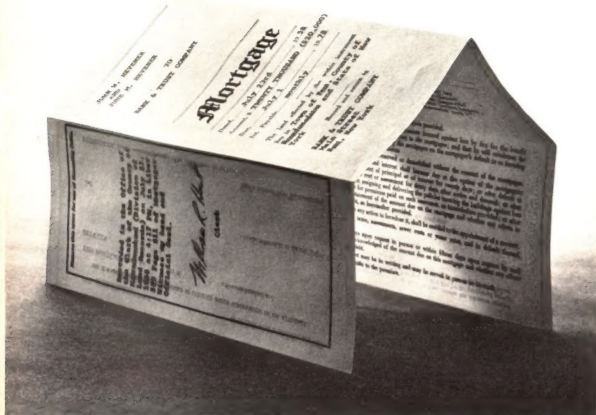
Almost any spy thriller, properly
dust-jacketed, can sell a few thousand
copies to the cloak-and-dagger addicts;
the truly great ones have an intangible
extra quality of atmosphere that broad-
ens their appeal and propels them up
the bestseller lists. *Funeral in Berlin*, if
not quite of the master class, is plausible
and pleasant. Its special quality is an
ironic humor in the midst of triple
treachery. Its plot is of more-than-
Byzantine intricacy, with a plump and
devious British agent, a German Jew
masquerading as an ex-Nazi, a Soviet
colonel masquerading as a defector,
and a smashing sexy American girl
who turns out to be an Israeli agent.
The backgrounds, chiefly Berlin and
London, are deftly convincing; the
derring-do is deadpan and understated;
the wit is astringent but genuinely funny.

PRETTY POLLY & OTHER STORIES by
Noel Coward. 227 pages. Doubleday.
\$4.50

Pretty Polly, the first of these three
medium-length tales, is that rare bird,
a story that celebrates the joys of break-
ing taboos without ever once dishing
out commonplace gruel. *Miss Capper's
Birthday* is a gentle portrait of a World
War II widow who has never quite ad-
justed to life without "Fred." *Me and
the Girls* is a grim little account of the
last reflections of a third-rate homo-
sexual entertainer dying of cancer. Not
the gay Coward of the '40s.

HOTEL by Arthur Hailey. 376 pages.
Doubleday. \$5.95

If there were more hotels in the world
like the St. Gregory in New Orleans,
no one would ever go home again ex-
cept to leave a change of address.
Herbie Chandler, the bell captain, can
package and deliver a well-mounted
orgy in three hours flat. Ogilvie, the
house detective, will accept \$25,000 to
forget about a hit-and-run accident.
There are shortcomings, of course, and
once in a while even a mechanical slip-
up, like the business with the elevator.
The assistant general manager "made
a mental note" to find out what was
wrong as early as page 40. But what
with one thing and another (if he wasn't
replacing all Gideon Bibles bearing call
girls' phone numbers on the frontispiece,
he was busy "pensively knitting") a
Schnaparelli tie) it gets to be page 352
before he gives the matter his urgent
attention—far too late to save the book,
much less elevator No. 4, from plunging
to fictional disaster, certain bestseller-
dom and the special bath-only-a-really
big movie sale can bring.



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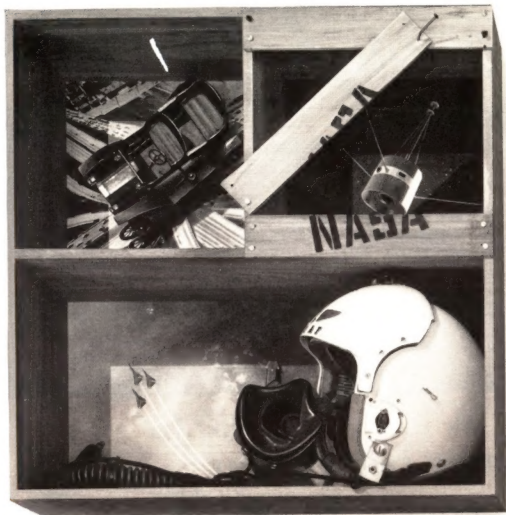
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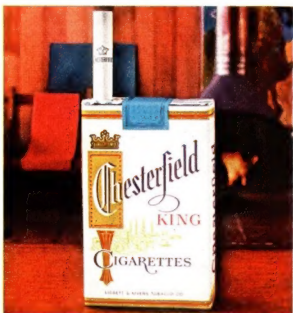
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